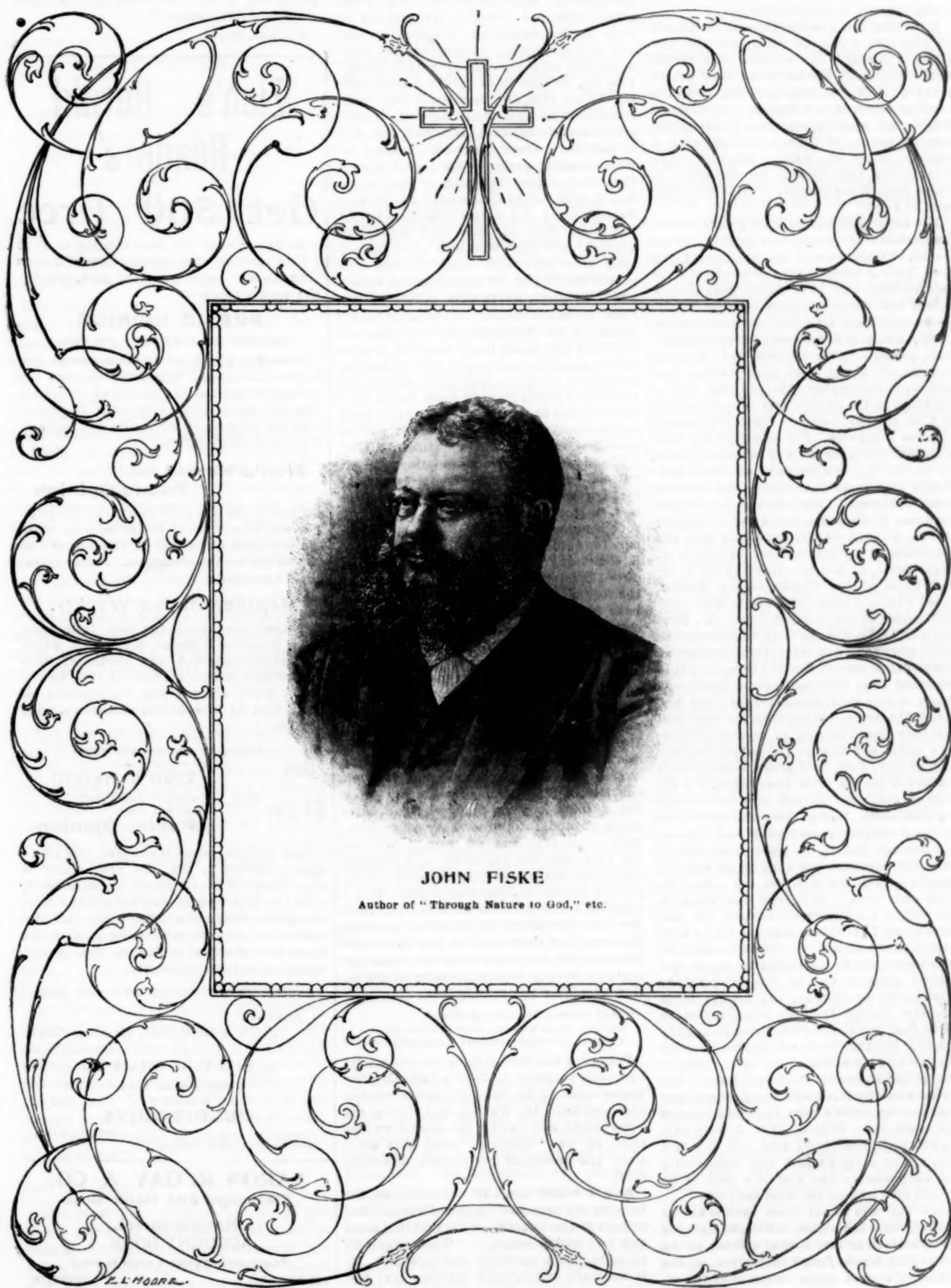


W Baldwin 150 5th Av

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1899



JOHN FISKE

Author of "Through Nature to God," etc.

THE BISHOPS' MUEZZIN CALL

REV. WILBUR F. SHERIDAN, S. T. B.

FROM their high station on the minarets of Methodism the Bishops have issued their call to prayer. It is a noble call, and nobly made. The echoes of it are sounding still among the furthest hills. And, better yet, it is awaking a response in thousands of hearts. Deep answers unto deep. Christian men are thinking, and while they are musing the fire burns.

I am glad it is a call to prayer. It is a call to give and a call to work; but the first thing is to pray. The working and giving will come easily enough if we first get to praying. Not yawning prayers, or glibly turning them, as a Tibetan prayer wheel might; but *praying*—praying with Spirit-pressed agony of desire; praying with a mighty sense of need; praying with "groanings that cannot be uttered," as when John Knox prayed: "Give me Scotland or I die."

We have been having some pretty serious heart-searchings, lately, as a church. Judge Burke, of Chicago, and Dr. Buckley, of the *New York Advocate*, have pointed out some painful facts, and in so doing have simply voiced the secret thought of very many. There has been no blind or bitter iconoclasm, but only the touch of a kind physician, saying, "The affected part is here, and here." Many more have written and said much concerning this and that evil or weakness in the church, and proposing this or that remedy, some of them wise, many of them otherwise. For myself, I am suspicious of the prophet who oracularly sums up all the ills in a sentence, and then prescribes one remedy and only one for the complex disease. I am not suspicious of the goodness of his heart, but I am suspicious of the breadth of his induction and the soundness of his conclusions. Rector R. C. Nightingale, of London, England, in a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review*, called "the old Methodist saints and martyrs heroes of the highest type. . . . They saw visions, they spoke with tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance, they counted all things dross except Christ's love. . . . they imagined that God held their creed and theirs alone; they thought that they had found the secret hidden from the ages, and that they would be able to reverse humanity's order and change the long-persistent ways of men. Fair, fond dream of these souls that loved heaven more than earth, it is always so, and, alas! the end of it has always been the same. Except here and there the light has quickly passed away, and the old dimness has taken its place once more." That last sentence has rung in my soul for months—"the old dimness has taken its place once more." Is it true that Methodism strikes less vigorously because she sees more dimly? Is it true that she labors with a spent enthusiasm? Of course enough selected facts can be marshaled to prove this beyond question to the man who thinks chiefly with his feelings, and on the other side, also, enough facts can be marshaled to prove that Methodism was never so mighty as now. Striking a fair balance between the two, we find ourselves about in the condition of the Ephesian church: "I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience, and that for my name's sake thou hast labored and hast not fainted." Yet I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love." The early warmth and spontaneity and enthusiasm—the zeal of a soul in its earliest love—these are what are gone.

Now the way to get these back is not by pitching into the higher critics, or fighting the straw men or real men of science, or by contending for the forms once given to the saints. We need never be afraid of the re-

sult of modern scholarship, either Biblical or scientific—God fulfill Himself in many ways—rather we ought to make intelligent and reverent use of them. But the chief thing to bring about the renewal of the early power of Methodism is to just now accept as providential the Bishops' call to prayer and enter heartily and reverently into it. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." We ought not to need an uninspired pen to teach us that, when the whole Book is fragrant with the thought. In praying we shall not be disputing. Praying, we shall not be "scrambling at the shearer's feet or shoving aside the worthy bidden guest. Praying, we shall loose the flood-gates amid the eternal hills, and there shall flow down those streams that alone have made glad, and that alone can ever make glad, the city of our God. Were the church to tarry one whole night in prayer as her Lord did, more than once, among the hills of Galilee, she would come forth in the morning with more doubts settled, and more distractions buried, and more fires of faith and enthusiasm kindled, and more workable plans formed, than have been seen since the ten days' prayer-meeting in the upper room at Jerusalem. We ought not to need a New Hampshire Governor to set us to praying, although I am very glad that we have one who feels like doing it. I have seen a good many plausible and pious but prayerless plans laid away in their little graves, and they cost a pretty sum to even bury; but I have noticed that plans born of prayer seem to have something of the immortality of the ever creative Spirit of life.

The muezzin cries from his minaret: "Come to prayer! Come to security!" Strange that Moslems should emphasize the way to security more than we. For "their rock is not as our Rock." No doubt they secure the subjective benefits of prayer, which is something. But we, if we prayed as they do—thrice during the day, and twice, with the very faithful, during the nights—would have not only subjective benefits, but the stars in their courses fighting for us. "Prayer is better than sleep!" cries the muezzin, in his morning call. We Christians say: "Quite right." Nevertheless we take shorter prayers and longer snores. (The unfortunate thing about this exhortation is that those who need it are the ones who will not read it. They will pass it by, when they see that it refers to so prosaic and old-fashioned a thing as praying.) Why, anybody can pray! True, and that is probably one reason why so few do; at least, why the prayers of most never reach beyond the limits of their own doorway—"us four and no more." We dare say that not one Christian in a hundred really sets himself to pray seriously for the general church of Jesus once a year. It is a practical sort of atheism we have fallen into. We have awakened the dormant physical forces of the earth and air and harnessed them, of late, but we have not yet learned or come to believe in the ministry of prayer. How unwilling we are to believe

"Each common bush affire with God.
But only those who see, take off their shoes.
The rest sit round it and eat blackberries."

For one, I feel like joining in the prayer covenant proposed in ZION'S HERALD a few weeks since by my beloved former teacher and president, Dr. Warren, and lifting my voice night and day for the church we love until all her "dimness" shall pass away amid the praises of two million new-born souls.

And I would heartily endorse, also, the rallying cry proposed by this distinguished servant of the church—"Two million souls and two million eagles." "God's angels fly in pairs," both cherubim and seraphim. It is an easily remembered rallying cry; and

that counts for much. It affords an admirable unit for giving, especially as the 2,000,000 eagles exactly match the adult membership of Methodism. And finally, it almost compels aspiration. To a man with even a spark of imagination it lifts thought and heart upward and onward. If our Wesleyan Methodist friends have succeeded so nobly with only the word "guinea" to conjure with, how much more we, with the soaring, already immortalized eagle! Let us then to prayer and to labor for "two million souls and two million eagles."

Pontiac, Mich.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Lockjaw and the Fourth of July

The number of cases of lockjaw caused by accidents occurring on the Fourth of July, has attracted the special attention of medical men. It has been held that it is a germ disease and that certain localities were the hot-beds of the tetanus bacilli; but in several cases under treatment the disease has refused to yield to treatment with antitoxin, and the confidence heretofore reposed in that remedy is very much impaired. The cases under consideration are the result of explosions, chiefly from the deadly toy pistol. They are widely distributed, and the conditions of soil and environment are greatly dissimilar. The first effect of this development of this dreaded disease will be to stimulate the search for a specific remedy, but in the meantime it would be well to interdict the sale and the use of the toy pistol.

Products of the Farms

The Government crop reports, issued July 1, show the excellent prospects for the farmers. The estimates made up by the statistician of the New York Produce Exchange shows that we may reasonably expect to raise 560,140,000 bushels of wheat, 2,121,600,000 bushels of corn and 775,680,000 bushels of oats. The money value of these three crops, at present prices, amounts to \$1,501,449,000. It would be extremely interesting to know just what proportion of this immense sum will eventually find its way to the pockets of the farmers themselves, but even that would not measure the value and importance of the farmers' work. The fact that a large part of this money must needs go to pay the cost of transportation and distribution adds to the national indebtedness to those who till the soil. The farmer's products put money in many pockets besides his own, and helps by that much the prosperity of the country.

Foreign Commerce

The fiscal year ending June 30 did not show quite so large an export trade as that of the preceding year, although the value of goods exported exceeds that of any other year except the last by \$175,000,000. The imports were increased by

about \$45,000,000. The money value is misleading in several instances, notably that of wheat. In 1898 the average value of the wheat exported was 98.30 cents per bushel; in 1899 it was only 74.77 cents. The number of bushels exported exceeds by ten million those of the year preceding. The corn trade shows a falling off to the amount of 34,000,000 bushels; but our exports of that cereal were exceptionally large in 1898. The increase in the importations is chiefly in sugar and articles used in manufacturing. The total value of the exports for the year ending June 30 was \$1,227,443,425. The value of the imports was \$697,077,388. The prospects for the coming year are said to be as good, or better, than those of the year just closed.

Austria's Claims Rejected

In 1897 certain subjects of Austro-Hungary were shot down by a sheriff's posse at Latimer, Penn., during the riots in that region. The sheriff was promptly indicted, tried in the State court, and acquitted. Austria complained to the national government and asked for damages. The matter was referred to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and he declined to admit that the act of the sheriff was unlawful since the jury, by acquitting him, had practically declared it lawful. Austria's claim was therefore rejected. The latest phase is the refusal of the United States to submit the matter to arbitration, and for this the Government has been criticised in some quarters. All the precedents are in favor of the refusal. When Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State, during the administration of President Pierce, he declared that "every nation, whenever its laws are violated by any one owing obedience to them, whether he be citizen or stranger, has a right to inflict the penalties incurred upon the transgressor." The nationality of a mob which refuses to disperse is no part of the case. Austria may well be satisfied to leave the Latimer riot where an American jury left it.

Russia's Present Heir Presumptive

The present Czar has three daughters. By the Russian law the females are ineligible. The late heir presumptive, Grand Duke George, second son of the late Alexander III., has recently died of consumption, the hereditary scourge of the Romanoffs. By his death, his younger brother becomes heir presumptive — not heir apparent, as some of the newspapers have it. This is the Grand Duke Michael, who was born December 4, 1878. He is described as a young man of strong character, with much better health than that of his late brother, or that of his only

remaining brother, the present Czar. That he should have a strong liking for military matters does not occasion any surprise, and should he succeed to the rule of the great empire there is little doubt that he would vigorously maintain its reputation. The Czar has issued the usual ukase naming the Grand Duke Michael to act as regent in the event of a minor succeeding to the throne.

Audacious Impudence

In the State of New York a corporation had petitioned for permission to lay the rails for a trolley line between two villages. A dispute having risen over the petition, the matter was taken to the courts. On Sunday morning, a week ago, the company appeared on the street with a large force of men, laid the rails and started the cars over them. This open confiscation of public property by a corporation has occurred before, and will doubtless occur again. There does not seem to be any way to prevent it — at least none has been found in most of the cases heretofore — but were such an act committed by a private individual he would speedily find himself in jail. It is brutal insolence, pure and simple, based on the theory that might makes right. The law does not provide for calling out the militia and shooting the desperadoes, and the insufficiency of the law to correct and punish such acts of open confiscation has been many times revealed. It is such acts as these that lead many to believe that there is some fundamental weakness in the common law that needs immediate correction. That the legal machinery of the law cannot be set in motion on Sunday, except to catch a petty thief or some individual disturber of the peace, is another fiction under which corporations may defy the law without any fears of being brought to justice.

Guatemala

During the last two weeks very disquieting rumors have come from Guatemala; but while the affairs of that little republic are grave enough to excite concern, there is no special call for anxiety. It is not generally known that the inhabitants are very largely of Indian descent. Spain, which claimed Guatemala down to 1821, never introduced the policy of extermination which she carried on in Cuba and Porto Rico, and since that time the natives have been left largely to themselves. That is where the chief trouble is now. The natural inertia of the Indian race needs to be supplemented with the spirit of Anglo-Saxon enterprise and developed with Anglo-Saxon capital. The little republic is about the size of

New York, and has a population approximating two millions. But it has no money; it has a depreciated paper and silver currency; it has allowed the expenditures to exceed the income till the domestic and foreign debt amounts to more than \$10,000,000; and the foreign bondholders are clamoring for interest long overdue. Threats of sending British and German men-of-war to seize the custom houses and enforce payment are said to have been made, although there is no evidence of such intention on the part of the countries named. The report of these threats has called up the Monroe Doctrine once more, but a leading Republican newspaper wisely says that it is high time to stop professing the doctrine and put its principles into practice by extending a helping hand to the Central American States, developing their resources, furnishing capital to encourage trade, and opening the doors of the world to its inhabitants.

Automobiles

The horseless carriage is certainly in a fair way to have its merits and advantages fully tested. A single company for the construction of electric vehicles has alliances with other establishments representing a capital of more than a hundred million dollars, and is reported to have received a single order for 4,200 carriages to cost nearly eight million dollars. Some of the municipal authorities have shown a disposition to discriminate against the automobile, but it is altogether likely that the courts will give it equal rights with other carriages on all the public highways. The expense of manufacture is likely to be very much reduced within a few years, and improvements in electric storage batteries will make it possible to construct much lighter carriages. Last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Davis started to make the journey from New York to San Francisco in an automobile. This is by far the longest run ever attempted. A French operator made a run of 631 miles, and this is the record long-distance run up to date.

Scarcity of Money

The increase in the volume of almost all kinds of business threatens to bring on a tight money market very soon, unless some relief is found. In the chief markets of Europe there is a constant call for large sums of money, in addition to those which have already been absorbed in speculation. The Bank of England has been trying to strengthen its reserve fund without resorting to measures which must needs check the home trade and restrict speculative enterprises, but it has succeeded so indifferently that it has advanced the discount rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and some of the London financial papers are anticipating a five per cent. rate, if the present stringency continues. The reserve of the New York banks is not in a condition to afford any relief to the Bank of England. Indeed it begins to look as if they would have quite enough to do in attempting to supply the demands certain to be made upon them. The great industrial revival, so widely extended, would seem to have absorbed

about all the available capital. The relation of the volume of money to business transactions is something concerning which experts are bound to differ, but many signs point to a reaction, and Europe is most likely to feel its first effects.

Insurgents Repulsed at Mantelupa

The truce enforced by the violence of the rainy season in the Philippines was broken last week by the gathering of the insurgents at Mantelupa. The numbers increased so rapidly, and were so threatening, it was necessary to order out a detachment of cavalry to drive them away. The enemy could not withstand the fierce onset of our forces, and retreated to the hills with considerable loss. It was, perhaps, the success of this attack on the part of the cavalry that led Gen. Otis to cable for 2,500 horses to be sent to him as soon as possible. The rains appear to have been unusually heavy, and to have caused general discomfort and much real suffering among our troops, but the effect on their health has not been as serious as might have been feared.

The first of the volunteers returning from the Philippines arrived at San Francisco on the army transports last week. The Oregon regiment was the fortunate one, and it was received with intense enthusiasm. In the meantime recruits are reported at the rate of 200 a day, and Gen. Otis has informed the War Department that he will be able to form two skeleton regiments of volunteers at Manila.

Consumption of Pig Iron

There is no other single commodity on which all branches of manufacture so largely depend as on pig iron. At certain intervals, approximating ten years apart, there has occurred a very large increase both in the output and in the demand for it. Such periods occurred in 1854, 1864, 1872, 1880, 1889 and now in 1899. Fifty years ago the annual consumption of pig iron was about 100 pounds for each inhabitant; in 1899, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the population during that time, the consumption amounts to 400 pounds per head. The production for the month of June was 35,000 tons more than that for the previous month, and yet the stock on hand was actually decreased by 53,000 tons. The present rate of consumption exceeds the production by almost a million tons. Ten years ago the production of pig iron in quantities so great as those of the last twelve months would have swamped the market, and yet we are using it up now faster than it can be produced. These facts are enough to account for the increased prices already demanded for many lines of manufactures, and to warrant the prediction that prices must be still further advanced if the present high pressure is continued.

Divorce by Collusion

The rapidly increasing number of divorces in the United States has excited widespread comment, and various remedies have been suggested. One of the most shameless methods of obtaining divorce is by collusion between the par-

ties. If they agree to dissolve the marriage contract, the laws of most States permit them to do so by resorting to certain legal subterfuges which tend to bring all law into disrepute and convert the marriage relation into what is very like a veiled concubinage. Mr. Justice Beekman, of New York, proposes a law to prevent this disgraceful prostitution of this most sacred tie. He would have a Court Attorney whose special business should be to investigate uncontested matrimonial cases, bringing out all the facts, and, in cases of collusion, presenting proof that the plaintiff is not entitled to judgment. This is something of a departure in American jurisprudence, but Great Britain has an officer whose duties correspond very largely with those which Justice Beekman proposes for the Court Attorney, and there is no reason why his suggestion should not become a law, not only in New York, but in every other State in the Union.

Jamaica Next for Reciprocity

The details of a new reciprocity treaty with Jamaica have been arranged, and there is little doubt of its final confirmation. Treaties with Barbadoes and British Guiana have already been negotiated. Jamaica is about half as large as Massachusetts, and has a population about equal to that of Maine. The proportion of colored people to the white inhabitants is nearly forty to one. The abolition of slavery in 1838 has resulted in very considerably increasing the number of small holdings of land, and in greatly diversifying the products of this, the largest and richest of Great Britain's possessions in the West Indies. There is very much less sugar raised than formerly, and of late years the best paying crop has proved to be bananas, for which there is a ready market in the United States. The oranges and the coffee of Jamaica command good prices, and there is still a good-sized trade in Jamaica rum, the price of sugar having driven the owners of the cane plantations to make more rum than formerly. The imports of the island amount to almost \$8,333,000 annually, and of this sum the United States furnishes nearly \$3,500,000. It is expected that our trade with Jamaica will be largely increased under the provisions of the new treaty, although our products have no advantage over those of Great Britain. This island has been under British control ever since the days of Cromwell, and it was at one time one of the most prosperous of all the islands in the West Indies. Times have been very hard during the last ten years, and the island is now on the verge of bankruptcy.

Fighting Plant Diseases

The fact that the annual loss in this country from oat smut alone is estimated at \$18,000,000 gives special interest to the announcement that the Department of Agriculture has made a discovery that may lead to the conquest of all diseases of this kind, whether animal or vegetable. Smut is a fungus that grows on the grain, and the various forms of rust and rot are also caused by

parasites of different sorts that destroy the plants on which they live. These produce poisons in their growth, but stimulate the plant to secrete antidotes; the line of investigation is to increase the power of the plant, and thus enable it to cure itself. It is the same with many diseases to which animals are subject, and if either plant or animal can be made to produce enough of the antidote to effect a cure, it is said to be immune. This is what usually renders a person who has recovered from small-pox safe from subsequent attacks. It seems that certain substances called enzymes produce marvelous chemical effects, and it is on one of these recently discovered that the scientists think they may depend for the conquest of most contagious and infectious diseases both of animals and plants.

Tranquillity in Cuba

Up to the present time the United States has had no difficulty in maintaining order in Cuba with a force which Spain would have considered insufficient in the most peaceful days of her reign. Less than 15,000 troops now remain to garrison the principal strongholds which Spain surrendered, and the duty of these soldiers is very much the same as it would be if they were quartered in the United States. It is very distinctly to the credit of the Cubans that they have so generally accepted the military rule of the United States pending their own decision as to the form of government under which they will try to manage the affairs of the island. It is a peculiarly trying situation for this people. They have ceased to be a Spanish possession, and no nation can claim them, but yet they are not independent. They have still to decide as to their future rulers; the United States in the meantime having guaranteed to maintain order till the will of the people can be ascertained. Preparations to ascertain this will are now being made. The first step is to take a new census of the island as a basis for the franchise. Communal lines have been disturbed by the war, and by the concentration made under Weyler's orders, and municipal matters will first be straightened out. After that will come the test to discover whether the sentiment of the island is in favor of independence or whether it is in favor of annexation to the United States.

Railroad Official Conferences

The importance of the railroad systems in the United States is indicated by the various conferences which take place annually. The train despatchers, traveling passenger agents, local freight agents, general passenger and ticket agents, general baggage agents, railway telegraph superintendents, general managers, and various other officials, get together to confer on subjects of special interest to them. The present condition of most of the transcontinental and the north and south trunk lines is exceptionally good. Business is abundant, there is no friction on account of strikes, rate-cutting is reduced to a minimum,

and the leading railroad officials appear to be working together with more harmony than for many years. All this is intensely important to the general welfare of the country. There are almost a million people employed by the railroads, either directly or indirectly. The latest figures available, those of 1897, show that the capital stock of our various roads represents the enormous sum of \$5,453,782,046, and the bonded debt at that time was \$5,411,058,525. These figures, taken in connection with the wages of a million employees, show how largely the country must needs be dependent on the officials charged with the management of these great enterprises for whatever measure of prosperity it is to enjoy. The fact that, as a rule, the employees are in harmony with the companies, and the companies are working together harmoniously, is one of the most hopeful promises of continued prosperity.

Brooklyn's Latest Strike

There is something mysterious about the strike of the street-car employees in Brooklyn. Rumors of such a strike began to appear in the newspapers some time ago—long before there were any signs to be discovered among the men. Men thoroughly conversant with affairs, such as the sheriff of the county for instance, said there would be no strike, and said this only a single day before the strike was ordered. It is openly charged that the strike was not provoked by the management of the Company, nor fomented by labor agitators, nor desired by the men themselves, but that it was instigated either for political effect or for stock-jobbing purposes. That is by far the most startling charge that has ever yet been made in connection with any quasi-public institution. That it is possible to make it is enough to attract wide attention. Should the charge be proved it will reveal a depth of depravity for which "total" is utterly insignificant as a descriptive adjective. At this writing the strike seems likely to prove a dead failure from the start. All the facts at hand point to it as unnecessary, unwise, undesired and utterly foolish.

Japan becomes an Equal

On Monday of the present week Japan took her place as one of the great family of nations, with all the rights and privileges claimed by any of them. Up to this time she has been treated with less respect than that to which she is now entitled. The old treaties did not fully recognize her as equal to the leading nations in diplomatic rights, and these nations refused to accord to Japan the power to try their subjects in her courts. While neither China, Turkey, Morocco, Egypt, nor Persia, is recognized as diplomatically or legally entitled to the same treatment that is expected by the chief Christian nations, Japan may now claim any and all things that either of them may claim. Japan is not of the Aryan race, and she is not a Christian nation. She is the first of the non-Aryan and non-Christian races to be given a place among the powers which rule the world, and to be recognized as an equal in

international law. The international emancipation of a nation which our own Commodore Perry opened to the world less than fifty years ago is an interesting event to the people of the United States whose representatives are sitting for the first time in a convention of the Great Powers. The addition of the United States and Japan to the great family council of nations means a broader policy and a larger hope.

Events Worth Noting

Admiral Dawey has arrived at Trieste, Austria, but he has not yet reported the route by which he intends to return to the United States.

The German salvagers succeeded in floating the American Line steamer Paris and towed her to Falmouth, England. She went ashore May 21.

At the request of the Commissioner of Pensions a committee appointed by the Grand Army of the Republic investigated the management of the Pension Office; the committee found much to commend, and little to condemn.

The contract has been made for an electric plant, to cost a million dollars, to furnish the motive power for the New York elevated roads. The plant will develop 100,000 horse power.

Up to the present time President McKinley has appointed twenty-one different commissions, composed of nearly one hundred persons, and entailing an expense of about \$2,000,000.

The decennial convention of the Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist Church met at Lynn last week, and was very largely attended.

The copper output in the United States in 1898 amounted to 526,375,591 pounds, and was larger by ten per cent. than that of any former year. The present activity in this branch of mining industry is unprecedented in the history of the world.

Five batteries of field artillery are now under orders to the Cape of Good Hope, and the workmen in the Woolwich arsenal are making extra time. The tension is strong, but few really believe that there will be war between Great Britain and the Transvaal.

Gen. Wood has adopted heroic measures to stamp out the yellow fever at Santiago, and some of the inhabitants are complaining that he is too strict. If he succeeds in arresting the progress of the fever, the complainants will hardly get a hearing.

Gov. Rollins of New Hampshire has issued a proclamation fixing Aug. 26-Sept 1 as "Old Home Week." It is reported that more than one hundred towns in the State have already organized local associations to welcome the visitors.

Ten locomotives are now on their way to France, on board the steamer Panama, from Philadelphia. They are the first we have ever exported to that country. Finland has just placed an order for thirteen American locomotives, and eighty are now ready for shipment to various foreign countries.

THE MAN WHO IS READY

EVERY great victory is the result of years of preparation. It is not given to any man to achieve success in life without this preparation. Dewey began years ago to prepare for the victories that have within a year made him the idol of the people of his country. His triumphs have been due to the preparation that made him capable of making use of the opportunity when it came to him.

Every success in life is the expression of a man's ability to recognize and lay hold of opportunity. And no man can do this without preparation. The man who expects to achieve victories "off hand" never achieves them. No great book was ever written, no great sermon was ever preached, no great picture was ever painted, "off hand." They are all the result of the cumulative power of work and growth and development. The man who writes the great sermon began to master all the details of it during his first years at college. The man who wrote the great book began to adapt himself to the work of writing it years before a line of it was ever penned. And only the artist who paints a great picture knows of the years of patient, wearisome preparation back of the finished work.

Charles Kingsley says of Turner, the great painter, that he spent hours and hours in the mere contemplation of nature without using brush or pencil. An authentic story is told of how Turner was once known to have spent a whole day sitting upon a rock throwing pebbles into a lake. When evening came his brother painters showed him their sketches and rallied him upon having done nothing. He said, "I have done this, at least: I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it."

None of his fellow students could ever paint the ripples as Turner painted them.

Many men and women find to their sorrow and dismay that when the opportunity of a life-time is presented to them, they are utterly unable to grasp it because of lack of preparation. They are not ready for the hour of opportunity when it comes. They have not that keen discernment, that mastery of details, that ripened judgment, that only preparation can give.

When a great man achieves a great triumph in art or literature, or even in business or war, it is often said of him that he is a genius. So he is. He has the sort of genius Carlyle had in mind when he wrote that "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." Genius and work go hand in hand.

The man who is ready when the hour of opportunity comes, and who sees that opportunity and uses it, has so trained his powers as to compel them to obey his will. His self-reliance is based on good judgment and not on vaunting egotism. The man who is ready is the man who has a profound sense of the responsibilities and possibilities of life. He sets no limit to his own development, and yet his ambition does not exceed his powers of achievement.

The man who is ready is the man

whose life takes on its appointed honor and glory.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND MINISTERIAL EDUCATION

THE present-day theological seminary is in a strait betwixt two. It has to choose between the function of making preachers and that of making scholars. As established and maintained by the churches, its primary design is to make preachers capable of efficient pulpit and pastoral work; as a collegiate body of theological experts, handsomely endowed and supported in learned leisure. It must, like other associations for post-graduate investigation and instruction, serve the purposes and advance the ends of pure science. Theoretically these aims are not incompatible and mutually exclusive; practically, for nine students out of ten, they are. Not many effective and successful preachers, even in those churches which insist on a learned ministry, are technical theologians, though popularly supposed to be such. A few worthy occupants of theological chairs are great preachers, though commonly their tastes and habits do not incline them to aggressive or continuous pulpit work. It remains true, therefore, that, in general, the seminaries have to decide between teaching the denominational tenets and traditions in theology and church government (about which policy there was no question a generation ago), and informing the students as thoroughly as can be done in a seminary course on the general state of theological learning as it exists throughout the Christian world today. The latter course does not, in all its elements, contribute directly to the efficiency of the pulpit.

President Harper, of Chicago University, evinces his sensitive touch with the times by a recent article in the *American Journal of Theology* discussing this urgent situation. Without stating the alternative as we have formulated it above, he has numerous suggestions to make on the modification of the curriculum of theological seminaries. Some of them seem to us wholly impracticable for seminaries of average staff, equipment and endowment. Some of them are hardly desirable in themselves. The diversity of aims and the multiplicity of studies lead Dr. Harper to favor, however, the large introduction of elective courses into the schools of the prophets, thus imitating the university and the technical scientific school. Something—perhaps a good deal—may be done in this direction. Freedom is certainly the keynote of the advance. Yet, it may be doubted, in advance of actual experiment, whether the slavish following of the scientific model will yield the best results. We venture to undertake to point out, in broad outline, what may prove a more excellent way.

Under existing conditions, professors and students will largely follow their personal idiosyncrasies. A live professor of church history, for example, can no longer confine himself to the hard and fixed presentation of a single textbook. "If there was a time within living memory," says Professor James

Orr, "when the charge could justly be brought against this branch of study of being the dreariest in the theological curriculum—a collection of dry bones and dead controversies—that time may confidently be said to have passed away." The competent teacher must know where the great problems lie, define them to his students, and help them to solve them. During the last quarter of a century nearly forty important writings, supposedly lost, have been found, most of them dating from the second century and none later than the third. Some twenty-five of these have been brought to light since 1890. The history of ecclesiastical development, government, and worship has been largely rewritten since 1884 under the influence of the document entitled the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." In systematic theology—to cite another department—changed methods of exegesis and the intense light shed by the history of dogma, explored in our day as never before, have necessitated wide departures from the old methods of treatment. In exegesis and Biblical criticism, it is hardly necessary to add, the literature of the highest class is so copious as to be bewildering.

Thus some professors will be vitalized by their materials, and will naturally exercise the largest influence over those students who develop the instincts of pure scholarship. On the other hand, students whose ideas are practical and find their realization in the solution of the complex problems of modern pastorates, metropolitan or rural, will fall under the influence of professors of like practical bent, and find their field of study in human nature and the social organism rather than in books. The curriculum, by its freedom and variety, may readily lend itself to these several tendencies, or it may be obstructive and repressive, as it is likely to be, if the faculty is made up exclusively of members of the last generation. To this extent and in this sense, we sympathize with President Harper's suggestions looking to the increase of elective courses.

But there is another side to the question. Theological students are supposed to be men of considerable maturity. If they have been through a college course, they have found themselves by the time they reach the seminary. The full measure of responsibility attaching to the duties of the Christian ministry has revealed itself to their inmost souls. Without rigid classification and assignment even to elective groups, they should be left free, therefore, to attach themselves to particular chairs of instruction, without neglecting other departments, and to devote a generous portion of their time to general and special theological reading. The university of our day is a collection of good books—of specialist treatises for him who knows how to use them. A man competent to study theology will certainly get as much from a month's close study of the new *Hasting's Dictionary of the Bible* as from the same period of classroom instruction.

In conclusion, we sum up some of the conditions of successful work in the re-

formed theological seminary: (1) The exaction in each department of the minimum essential for efficiency — no proficiency in systematic theology, for example, being permitted to atone for a failure to learn the Hebrew paradigms; (2) Freedom in all else under the direction of live and inspiring professors, thus allowing and securing individual initiative both in the faculty and in the student body; (3) A library stocked with the instruments and the results of investigation, to which the students should have free and constant access; (4) Contact with life and study of the best pulpits and of church and parish problems largely from the standpoint of the laity.

Such conditions are not beyond the reach of the average seminary, and, in some instances, would probably work a revolution in the results attained.

What Shall We Do with the Camp-Meetings?

OUR English Wesleyan exchanges brings us pretty full accounts of the Southport Convention, which has been held in June annually since 1885, managed much after the manner of the Keswick meetings except that it is kept somewhat more closely to Methodist methods.

It calls up the question, pertinent to this season, and no doubt much in the thoughts of many, Are we reaping from our camp-meetings all that we ought? Are we not trying too pertinaciously to hold them strictly to the old lines, when the old conditions have so largely vanished? The congregations that confront the preachers on the stand are almost a solid mass of church members morning, noon and night. They are asked to listen to a series of sermons of a very miscellaneous nature, all good in a certain sense, but rarely adapted to make any deep impression or be remembered beyond the hour. There is no unity of plan and but little result of value.

Is this the best way? Possibly it is, but many wise judges have grave doubts. Might it not be well to give another system, something like that at Northfield, a fair trial? Is it not more in accordance with the demands of the times, better adapted to present circumstances, and likely to issue in more permanent benefit to the churches? Are there not available among us a class of teachers who could command respect, attract attention, and impart large profit by a series of addresses or Bible readings on topics connected with the higher ranges of Christian experience? Is there not among our church members generally a sufficient call for this kind of thing to give success to an attempt to organize a camp-meeting around this idea? If there is anything that can be done to promote deeper spirituality among our people, to join with the increasing education increasing religious fervor — surely the two are not incompatible — we ought to know it and be about it. We cannot afford to waste such opportunities as are presented by our summer gatherings. Education has laid hold of them and is turning them, in many instances, to good account. Let us not allow vital godliness to be put in the background, and its interests suffered to go by default, for lack of wise measures and vigorous initiative.

What is the matter with the *Watchman* of this city? A striking change seems to have come over its usually delightful spirit of charity and fraternity. We trust that its unfortunate and indefensible position upon the Philippine problem is not causing this

general disturbance. Is a little leaven unhappily leavening the whole lump?

PERSONALS

— President W. F. Warren is summering at Hyannisport, where he has spent several seasons.

— Rev. William I. Haven, D. D., delivered the annual sermon before the convention of deaconesses and Woman's Home Missionary workers at Ocean Grove.

— Rev. J. Wallace Webb, D. D., well known to many of our readers, is having a successful and very enjoyable pastorate with the Methodist Church in Canandaigua, N. Y.

— Rev. Dr. Walter Lambuth, senior missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will soon visit Japan to look after the titles to church property in that land.

— Bishop William Taylor is at present resting with his brother, Rev. Archie Taylor, in Vineyard, Georgia. His general health is fairly good, but his nervous troubles do not permit him to attend to any business or engage in any labor.

— The *Western Christian Advocate* says that on "Old Folks' Day," at Hartwell, Ohio, "the venerable R. S. Rust, D. D., was present by special invitation of the pastor, and delivered a remarkably interesting reminiscent sermon, to the delight of all present."

— Miss Isabella Thoburn was in this city for a couple of days last week. From here she went to Northfield to attend the Young Women's Christian Association Conference, which opened on Friday of last week. She is to deliver several addresses at this conference.

— President C. J. Little, of Garrett Biblical Institute, has been secured by the Itinerants' Club of the Central Ohio Conference to deliver three lectures at the approaching session of that Conference. The subjects will be "Gladstone," "The Preacher and History," and "The Preacher and Literature."

— Vincent Brodbeck, uncle of the late Dr. William Nast Brodbeck, died Tuesday evening, July 4, at Portsmouth, Ohio. He was born in Bingen on the Rhine, Germany, Jan. 17, 1817, and came to Portsmouth in 1836, where he has since resided. He was one of the charter members of the German Methodist Church in that city.

— Charles W. Wilder, Jr., son of Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Wilder, of Quincy, was graduated in June from the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University. He was one of two young men in his class to be elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He has secured a position for the coming year, to teach classics and English literature in the University School, Norwalk, Conn.

— Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," was a daily speaker at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention at Detroit, and whenever he was announced, no auditorium in the city could hold the crowds that gathered. He is certainly not a great speaker, nor can it be said that the meetings at which he presides are "big with blessing." His forte is the pen, not the platform. One of his most startling propositions was the raising of \$1,000,000 for the immediate establishment of a Christian daily newspaper. Another sentiment that was not universally accepted was, "One sermon is enough on one Sunday. The people get too much preaching."

— President Henry Wade Rogers, of Northwestern University, and Mrs. Rogers have gone to pass the vacation at the University Settlement house in the slums of Chicago. Their activities there consist of daily visits among the tenement-house dwellers, and work in alleviating their hard and unhealthy

conditions of life. We are not inclined to inquire very critically after the theological tenets of people whose Christianity fruits in this kind of consecration to the best good of those who most need Christian sympathy and help.

— This office was favored last week with a very pleasant call from Prof. Henry Lummis, of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis. He remained a week among us, visiting his many old friends in and about Boston. He is in vigorous health.

— The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* of last week observes: "Rev. W. P. Thirkield, D. D., president of Gammon School of Theology, Atlanta, Ga., is spending the summer at Chautauqua, with his family. He made a visit to Allegheny College during Commencement week, where he met a cordial welcome on the part of all."

— The *Watchman*, of this city, greatly surprises us by publishing an unjust and unfriendly editorial reference to the late Bishop Newman. We esteem our contemporary too highly to transfer this ungracious paragraph to our columns. The *Watchman* has evidently taken its opinion of Bishop Newman from a violent misrepresentation of him which appeared in a secular journal. Is our neighbor in the habit of looking to the daily press for its views of distinguished representatives of any denomination?

— The *Christian Standard* of Philadelphia presents a portrait of Bishop Foster on the cover of its last week's issue and in a personal sketch says: "Suffice it now to say that the holiness movement of recent years is under a heavy debt of gratitude to Bishop Foster for his invaluable book, 'Christian Purity,' as well as for other writings and sermons and services too numerous for us to mention in this brief notice of this truly great and good man and minister. Such an intellect and pen and ministry enlisted in the clear statement and urgent enforcement of the doctrine and experience and testimony and life of entire sanctification is a gracious providence of God which we cannot too highly appreciate."

— Last week there appeared a brief announcement concerning Samuel Huntington, of Burlington, Vt., and the fact that he was nearing his 85th birthday. This paragraph was suggested by the receipt of one of his sunny and cordial letters, in which among other things he wrote of his apparent good health and that he did "not expect to go to heaven at present." What was our surprise therefore, to learn that he died at his home, July 12. On that evening he sat on his piazza, feeling as well usual; but during the night he was seized with severe pains in the chest and grew steadily worse until the end came. He was known to most of his friends as the successful manager of an excellent bookstore in that city. The *Burlington Free Press* says of him: "All who knew Mr. Huntington placed implicit confidence in him. He was a good counselor, a man to lean upon. Every good project had his support, and that often of a substantial sort. His word was as his bond, it did not need witness, or seal, or signature. On all moral and religious questions his stand was taken; and as he believed, so he acted. . . . From the time he connected himself with the Methodist Church in 1846, he showed himself an active and aggressive Christian. He was broad-minded, too — as ready to join hands with his brethren in other communions as in his own. He filled at various times the offices of class-leader, steward, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and lay delegate to the General Conference." A wife and three children survive him. His son, Samuel, Jr., resides in New York city. Of his two daughters, one has always lived at home; the other

is the wife of Geo. W. Whitney of Burlington. Mr. Huntington would have been 85 years old had he lived until Tuesday the 18th. The funeral was held from the Methodist Church, Friday afternoon, and was very largely attended.

— Prof. Borden P. Bowne will deliver a course of twelve lectures on Philosophy at the Bible School, Grove City, Pa., beginning July 28. This summer school is held under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church and the audiences are made up mainly of ministers and Sunday-school teachers. This is the second summer that Dr. Bowne has lectured before this body. We shall commence, next week, the promised contributions from his pen — four in all — on the Atonement.

— Francis M. Austin, for the last eight years instructor in Latin at Wesleyan Academy, will enter on a course of study at Johns Hopkins University this fall. His successor at Wilbraham will be Mr. H. F. Kanthlemer, graduate student of Harvard, and an alumnus of Cornell College, Ia.

BRIEFLETS

Better one blossom than many leaves.

No cup is so bitter but faith may sweeten it.

The world can take everything from a man except the essential thing — God's interest in him.

We are gratified to notice that the Columbus, O., street railway company has adopted a profit-sharing plan whereby employees of six months' standing will share in a semi-annual distribution of profits on a proportionate footing with stockholders.

Not the least reward of devotion to Christ is that it relieves one utterly of that most irksome burden of the selfish and worldly-minded — weariness of self.

We are not to think of the morrow, because the thought of today is the best possible preparation for it. Nowhere are we told not to think of today.

Of one thing we may be morally sure: the verdict of conscience will never be set aside by a higher court.

Correspondence relating to the Board of Education should be addressed to William F. McDowell, corresponding secretary, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, and drafts, checks and money orders should be made payable to his order. The observance of this request will prevent much confusion in the office of the Board of Education.

While no man can control or determine events, every one of us can so determine personal tendencies and choices that there will always be a high probability of certain experiences happening to us, and a remote possibility of others. In this way we do foreknow and fore determine what is called personal destiny; and to this extent we are responsible for it.

When the veil at last is lifted, will it not be in the nature of a liberation and extension of our powers of perception and apprehension rather than an uncovering of things themselves? It is a beautiful conception, that heaven will not be a destroying of dear and familiar things and a replacing them with other things, but simply a wonderful illumination of things as they are, so that their inner meaning may shine out, and we may stand suddenly in the presence of revelations of spiritual realities, of which phys-

ical realities were but the types and fore-shadowings.

Conscience keeps no secrets.

To the pure, truth-loving mind all things are revelations.

Peace is to the pilgrim soul what the landscape is to the traveler — not the object of his journey, but the reward of his dutiful purpose and diligent spirit.

The New England delegation to the International Epworth League Convention, which opens in Indianapolis on Thursday, the 20th, left Boston on Monday evening. Among the party were Bishop Mallalieu, Revs. Franklin Hamilton, C. A. Crans, E. T. Curnick, F. N. Upham, C. W. Blackett, and Walter Morrill. They were joined by the New York delegates on Tuesday morning, and were scheduled to arrive at their destination on Wednesday evening.

The straightest path to happiness, after all, is the path about our neighbor's estate. Another's good, another's joy, seek that first, and you will most surely find your own weal and happiness.

Mountain-climbers know that, when the path begins to grow roughest and steepest, there it climbs fastest toward the summit. So it should be with the path of life. The harder it grows, the more it should lift us up.

The only way to learn what the heavenly country will be like is to make earth, so far as in us lies, a true province of heaven.

The distinguishing characteristic of all genuine and abiding greatness is love. No fame is enduring which cannot be traced back to greatness of heart.

William Copley Winslow, of the Egypt Exploration Society, makes a statement in the public press to the effect that fragments of the Gospel of St. John have been discovered which prove to be of the highest importance and deepest interest. They antedate any of our previously known texts by one hundred to one hundred and fifty years. The first chapter of St. Matthew (A. D. 150) and the Logia (New Sayings of Christ), it will be remembered, were in book form and not on a roll. This discovery is in book form. The first leaf contains St. John 1 and the second leaf St. John 20, in part; so that we possess one of the outer sheets of a large quire between which and chapter 20 were the intervening eighteen chapters now lost.

One must see clearly in order to do effectively. Knowledge of truth precedes all intelligent service.

Do not mistake easy good nature for strenuous sympathy and benevolence.

The George Müller orphanages at Bristol, Eng., have recently received a legacy of \$100,000 from a deceased barrister.

Of Abraham Lincoln it has been beautifully said: "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Is not the second clause of the sentence really included in the first? Is not magnanimity or heart-greatness precisely that quality which overlooks and forgets everything small and mean and base, scornful to take account of such minute, insignificant matters as mere personal slights and injuries? He who is truly large-hearted and high-minded is ever generous in his sentiments and conduct toward others. He is too exalted to cherish envious or vindictive

feelings. Let him who is conscious of any of these low feelings or motives reflect that by giving way to them he writes himself down as a small man, unworthy to be classed with the great. And this classification, unlike some others, will be ratified in the other world.

It is needless for any human being to ask, "What will my future be?" Every soul feels within itself the conviction of its own place and part in the life that lies beyond the present. "Character," as Emerson says, "is destiny."

The colored people of Philadelphia are raising \$10,000 in order to place in Fairmount Park a monument to Bishop Richard Allen, the founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, first as a local organization, in 1787, and as a national church in 1816. It now has a membership of 700,000, sixty Annual Conferences, thirty institutions of learning, nine general departments, and eight bishops.

Some months ago Bishop Thoburn made an appeal for twelve young men to go out to India under pledge to remain single for four years. Secretary Leonard commenced looking up the men, and selected from a large number of candidates twelve men to appear for examination at the missionary office, June 28. When the Bishop reached New York, June 27, he found these candidates had presented themselves. Ten passed the examination satisfactorily, the only objection in any case being the opinion of the physician as to health.

Careful calculations published in an English periodical make the present wealth of the world five hundred thousand million dollars. Of this three hundred and fifty thousand millions, or more than two-thirds, are in the possession of Christian nations. And of the three hundred and fifty thousand millions, Protestantism is estimated to possess four-sevenths, or two hundred thousand millions. When one remembers what a power money is in war and every other avenue of activity, these figures indicate the unmistakable trend of things. The proportion in the hands of Christians and of Protestants is steadily increasing year by year. How great a responsibility this imposes, and how large the encouragement it supplies!

REVIVING SOME PLEASANT MEMORIES

WHOEVER has been privileged in the past to visit Hedding Camp-ground, Hedding, N. H. (formerly East Epping), will often turn to it with happy recollections. This place does not boast all the excellences which are claimed for many summer resorts, but it does possess many attractive and substantial advantages. It is located within a belt of towering pines whose delicious fragrance pervades the atmosphere. There is on the ground a spring of cool, refreshing and health-giving water in sufficient abundance to meet the demands of all who live there. To stay there for the season is inexpensive, as the grounds are environed by farmers who are glad to supply milk, butter, eggs and vegetables at low prices. Good cottages, comfortably furnished, can be rented from \$25 to \$40 for the season, and board and rooms can be obtained on reasonable terms. The social life is especially cheery and pleasant, a large company of excellent young people passing their summers there, and the religious atmosphere is pervasive, but not obtrusive. There is a well-established Hedding Chautauqua (the first program of which the writer prepared) and a camp-meeting

which retains much of the old-time spirit and power. Hedding is not a sanitarium, but the pine forest and the pure water many have found to be remedial.

Fourteen years ago, when pastor of St. John's Church, Dover, N. H., the writer first visited these grounds. Seeking, this summer, some place for the family for the season where the men of the household could occasionally spend a Sunday, a majority vote was given to Hedding. So here we sit in "Sister Wallace's" cottage on Baker Avenue, and the pleasant memories and associations move us to wield the pen for a little in the interest of friends of "old Epping" and Hedding. It was a fitting act for the owner of this cottage, loving these grounds as she did, to bequeath it to the Preachers' Aid Society of the New Hampshire Conference. Having received many a cordial welcome—as so many ministers have—to this cottage from Mrs. Wallace herself, the privilege of occupying it for a season is greatly enjoyed.

This is a Methodist camp ground, as the names of the avenues would indicate. The street on which we live bears the name of the scholarly, gentle and judicious Bishop Baker. Just at our right is Mallalieu Avenue, perpetuating the name of one of the most vigorous, aggressive and useful of our Bishops. Here is Broadhead Avenue, bringing to mind Rev. John Broadhead, a strong and excellent minister. His wife, the mother of Mrs. James Pike, is still living. It is a singular and interesting fact that both Broadhead and his son-in-law, Dr. James Pike, were members of Congress. Here is Perkins Avenue, keeping alive the memory of Rev. Jared Perkins, an able and successful lawyer, who, when converted, immediately abandoned the law and entered the ministry. Here is Hedding Avenue, marking a great Bishop indeed; we never think of him without recalling his prostitution to the power of slavery—an ineffaceable blot on his memory. Barrows Avenue reminds us of one of the most stalwart and noble of Methodist ministers of any time or age. He it was who launched Tremont St. Church, Boston, and who stood everywhere for a Methodist intelligent, righteous and self-respecting. His molding hand is still upon our churches, and especially upon Tilton Seminary. It is an interesting and fitting sequence that his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles—so much, indeed, like Dr. Barrows—should have taken up the mantle of that too early crowned servant of God, and is still conserving the best interests of the Seminary and, indeed, of New Hampshire Methodism. Here is Adams Avenue, perpetuating the name of Rev. Eliza Adams; and Dunning Avenue, bearing on the fragrant memory of Rev. C. U. Dunning, one of the most loyal and useful of our living ministers.

Rev. Otis Cole, for fourteen years secretary of the Camp-meeting Association, in labors abundant and unceasing for the benefit of the grounds, with a welcome for all and ministering to their comfort, mighty in prayer and holy speech, and withal as tender as a child, should have some substantial memorial here.

There are other names that should be thus perpetuated: Rev. Eliza Scott, as straight and sinewy in religious principle as he was in body, and as full of spiritual glory as his snowy locks indicated; Rev. Samuel Norris, the prophet of righteousness, whom we see now with his ever-accompanying ear-trumpet in hand; Rev. Calvin Holman, still living in the West, who was presiding elder when this ground was selected; Rev. James Thurston, greatly beloved, who still lingers, in feebleness, at Dover; Rev. J. A. M. Chapman, D. D., of Greenland, patron saint of the camp-ground, whose great sermons here will never be forgotten; Rev. O. H. Jasper, D. D., now gone to heaven, but who was a

regular Boanerges when fully aroused. The cottage of Dr. Pike is still here and occupied by his family. A Norris Avenue would fittingly perpetuate the memory of the revered man just mentioned, and also of Rev. G. W. Norris, who has for so many years led the spiritual hosts to victory here.

The Hedding Chautauqua should honor Revs. J. M. Durrell, O. S. Baketel, C. W. Rowley, and many more. A great cloud of witnesses, too many for mention, who are equally worthy with those who have been named, surround us here. Many good laymen have rendered yeoman service on these grounds. We mention one, gone to his reward—J. B. Rand, for many years a member of First Church, Concord; then, from its inception to the time of his decease, a member of Baker Memorial Church, that city. Mr. Rand was a man of some idiosyncrasies, and exhibited much Yankee shrewdness and sharpness in matters of business, believing, as many religious men do, that it was right and legitimate to drive the best bargain possible. As his pastor we knew him intimately. As a Methodist churchman he was faithful to every obligation of the church, never when in health absent from preaching service, Sunday-school, class-meeting, prayer-meeting, or quarterly conference. He was a most generous giver to his church and to the poor, never too busy—and he was a busy man—to take his team and carry his minister to visit the sick, to attend a funeral, or to preach at an out-appointment. He was never silent in any religious meeting where the worshiper had a chance to be heard. He was the kindest of husbands and fathers, and the most loyal of friends. He was charged with being unscrupulous in business, and many doubted and censured him. We are not describing a saint, but showing him as he was. We do not seek to explain him; we could not. He was not faultless, but he had many and striking good qualities. How he loved Baker Memorial Church and this camp-ground, many know. His summers for many years were spent here. He labored assiduously and gave generously to advance the interests of the ground and the Hedding Chautauqua. His good works do follow him. There should be a Rand Avenue here.

Sitting on the piazza of the modest cottage of Rev. W. H. Jones, a worthy and much-beloved superannuate of the New Hampshire Conference, living at the village of Epping three miles distant, we questioned him concerning a volume of sermons which he kindly placed in our hands. The title-page reads as follows: "The American Pulpit. A Collection of Sermons on Important Subjects. By Living Ministers of the Various Evangelical Denominations in the United States. Edited by Rev. Richard S. Rust, A. M. Vol. II. Worcester: Published by Samuel Chism. 1847." Methodist ministers are well represented in this volume. The first sermon is by Bishop Peck, on "The Power of the Pulpit;" the second by Rev. Moses Hill, an able preacher of the Maine Conference, on "The New Commandment;" the third is by Rev. John Dempster, on "The Study of the Scriptures." John Dempster was the first president of Concord Biblical Institute, and in 1847 Rev. W. H. Jones was a student there. We could fill a page with the interesting facts which were told us concerning this first Methodist "school of the prophets." Beside Dempster there were Drs. Baker, Stephen M. Vail, David Patten, and the only surviving professor, Rev. Dr. J. W. Merrill, of Concord. After seven years of splendid service Dr. Dempster went to Evanston and launched Garrett Biblical Institute. "There were sixty of us students," said Mr. Jones, "and they were rugged, pious men. Dempster was kind but frank with us. In our trial sermons in the chapel he always told us the truth. 'Jones, there was too much defiance

in your manner,' said he to me; and he had thus pointed out my infirmity in preaching. To another he said: 'You have put the body of the sermon where the arms and legs ought to be.' To another: 'You committed that sermon to memory, and that is not preaching, it is reciting.' He would not allow students to bring a scrap of memoranda or notes with them. 'Reading is not preaching,' he would say with emphasis. One preached a trial sermon, and when he was through Dr. Dempster said kindly, but without any evasion, 'Brother, you were never called to the ministry,' and the young man packed up and left the institution the next day." Might it not be well for many modern ministerial candidates if some Dempster would be equally frank and courageous with them? Dr. Homer Eaton of the Book Concern and Rev. C. U. Dunning were fellow-students with Mr. Jones.

There is in the book an able sermon by Rev. J. D. Bridge, an eminent member of the New England Conference, father of Rev. W. D. Bridge, on "The Divinity of Christ." There is also a sermon by "Rev. Daniel Curry, A. M., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, New Haven, Connecticut," on "Duty and Necessity of Decision in Religion." In this sermon Dr. Curry shows that he was a man of large proportions, an intense lover of the truth, with clear gleams of the better, larger Methodism that is to be. He was critical and polemical, an ecclesiastical lawyer and jurist, with scarcely an equal in our denominational history. He did an epochal work for the church. He suffers an eclipse in his well-earned fame in this generation from causes which need not be explained in this connection; but there will yet come a resurrection of, and fitting honor to, his memory. We find a sermon there by Rev. L. D. Barrows, "preached at a missionary meeting on Christmas Eve," on "Christianity Aggressive;" another by Rev. Elihu Scott, "presiding elder, Concord District, New Hampshire," on "An Increase of Faith;" a fine discourse by Rev. Edwin D. Sanborn, A. M., professor in Dartmouth College, on "Every Day its Duties." How vividly this man, remarkable for his literary spirit and attainments, comes back to us! We see him again, filled with enthusiasm and an uncontrollable flow of speech, pouring himself out upon Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Dryden, or some of his favorite authors. He was an active volcano, and from him in the lecture-room came streams of burning literary lava. He was the father of Kate Sanborn, the well-known author of "An Abandoned Farm," and other volumes, and an occasional contributor to magazines and papers. She has been a highly appreciated contributor to ZION'S HERALD for many years. And here is the great sermon by Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., upon "Unconscious Influence." It is refreshing to find a sermon by the great Bushnell in this volume, made up mainly of Methodist sermons and edited by the revered Dr. Rust of the Freedmen's Aid Society, who is still among us. Bushnell then was considered by many a notable heretic, and his own denomination, if we recollect rightly, not only ostracised him, but tried him for heresy. It is indeed instructive to find that fifty-two years ago Methodism in New England possessed so much of the tolerant, charitable and courageous spirit of its founder that it had no hysterical fear of heretics, so-called, but welcomed truth from any source. That was the doctrinal standing and attitude of New England Methodism a half-century ago; and shall it not to-day be equally loyal to its traditions and inheritance? These sermons from Methodist ministers are scholarly, clearly thought out, and forcefully expressed, creditable alike to any denomination or to any age.

DREAMING OF HOME

It comes to me often in silence
When the firelight sputters low —
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem writhings of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
With an aching sense of pain,
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems that the hands of angels
On a mystic heart at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording —
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain.
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

— Eugene Field.

EVOLUTION AS A BULWARK OF
THEISM AND RELIGION

REV. JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

MR. JOHN FISKE'S latest book, "Through Nature to God" (from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), well illustrates how great a change has taken place within a few years in the relations between the doctrine of evolution and the accepted facts of religion. It is not so very long ago evolutionists were regarded with horror by nearly all orthodox theologians, and it was thought that if their theories should ever be successfully established, the death-knell of the churches would have been sounded. Some ground for this feeling no doubt existed in the crude claims put forward for a season by some. But it has now for a good while been manifest that the fear was without foundation, and that evolution when soberly set forth contains no terror for the true believer; that it may indeed be welcomed as a friend instead of dreaded as a foe.

Mr. Fiske's excellent little treatise, composed of three parts — "The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion" — will do much toward presenting the matter in the right light, and dissipating whatever fear of evolution may still remain. He shows that "The doctrine of evolution, properly understood, does not leave the scales equally balanced between materialism and theism, but irredeemably discredits the former while it places the latter upon a firmer foundation than it has ever before occupied." "When we have once thoroughly grasped the monotheistic conception of the universe as an organic whole, animated by the omnipresent Spirit of God, we have forever taken leave of that materialism to

which the universe was merely an endless multitude of phenomena." The remark of the astronomer Lalande, that he had swept the entire heavens with his telescope and found no God there, and the similar saying of the eminent physiologist, Moleschott, "No thought without phosphorus," Mr. Fiske considers "the two remarks most colossal in their silliness that ever appeared in print," exhibiting "crass ignorance of the very nature of the problem to be solved." He holds that "apart from all questions of revelation, the light of nature affords us sufficient ground for maintaining that religion is fundamentally true and must endure forever." "The impetus of modern scientific thought tends with overwhelming force towards the conception of a single First Cause, or Prime Mover, perpetually manifested from moment to moment in all the Protean changes that make up the universe. And this is practically identical with the Athanasian conception of the immanent Deity."

The problem of evil he does not profess to solve in its entirety — "a mystery impenetrable by finite intelligence" — but he shows how it has a place among the profound harmonies in God's creation, so that we may have much consolation as we look forth upon the ills of the world, convinced that their "deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven." In other words, only through the strife with sin and pain can there arise a moral element, only through the knowledge of evil can we have the knowledge of good and be of a higher order than the beasts of the field, only through struggle can character be formed. This inheres in the innermost constitution of the human soul.

He declares with great force that the natural selection of physical variations is powerless to account for the existence of man; it might go on for a dozen eternities without any other visible result than new forms of plant and beast in endless and meaningless succession. "The gap between the minds of man and ape is immeasurable." Yet he holds that "nowhere is there any breach of continuity in the cosmic process." The central fact in the genesis of humanity he considers the increased duration of infancy, giving occasion to self-sacrifice, and leading to indefinite progressiveness. "There is a good deal more in it than mere natural selection." The moral sentiment, however, he regards as "a natural result of the cosmic process," the feeling of duty springing from the necessity for safeguarding and perpetuating the clan, thus shifting the standard of conduct outside of the individual's self. Somewhat similarly came "the earliest feeble groping toward a world beyond that which greets the senses, the first dim recognition of the Spiritual Power that is revealed in and through the visible and palpable realm of nature. And universally since that time the notion of ethics has been inseparably associated with the notion of religion, and the sanction for ethics has been held to be closely related with the world beyond phenomena."

Mr. Fiske maintains that "of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, the very deepest and strongest is that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion;" that "religion is the most important of all the distinctions between man and other animals;" "that a society of human souls living in conformity to a perfect moral law is the end toward which, ever since the time when our solar system was a patch of nebulous vapor, the cosmic process has been aiming." "Religion is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth." "The scientific presumption is entirely and decisively on the side of religion and against all atheistic and materialistic explanations of the universe." "There is nothing to fear from the advance of scientific discovery, for as these things come to be better understood, it is going to be realized that the days of the antagonism between science and religion must by and by come to an end." "It is becoming daily more apparent that with the deeper study of nature the old strife between faith and knowledge is drawing to a close; and disentangled at last from that ancient slough of despond, the human mind will breathe a freer air and enjoy a vastly extended horizon."

We should be glad to make further quotations from this marvelous little book. It has throughout a high spiritual tone, declaring that the man who can say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," "is the true freeman of the universe, clad in stoutest coat of mail against disaster and sophistry, the man whom nothing can enslave, and whose guerdon is the serene happiness that can never be taken away." The theory advanced as to the method whereby man's higher nature has been developed is certainly open to assault at some points, seems to halt and hesitate now and then, does not proceed with clear free stride, and will, of course, be an offense to many, as necessitating some readjustment of our understanding of certain Biblical figures of speech. We are not prepared as yet to fully accept it, but we should not be surprised if in the end it prevailed. And we derive large comfort from observing how everything that is really essential to holy living, and even to the prosperity of the churches, remains after that has passed away which the advance of knowledge renders no longer credible or probable. A French Revolution catastrophe might indeed impend if a stupid Bourbon-like negative were returned to all demands for change. But if, following the greater wisdom of our English ancestors, we gradually and gracefully yield point after point as circumstances seem to require, we shall have our reward in the progressive development of enlightened freedom and in the solid establishment of pure religion in perfect unity with twentieth-century science.

Natick, Mass.

— As I turned, and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in

my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love. . . . These waves came over me and over me and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out: "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me." I said, "Lord, I cannot bear any more;" yet I had no fear of death. — *O. G. Finney, D. D.*

THE WAY OF THE LIGHT

REV. E. S. TIPPLE, PH. D.

IT was at a service in the church that I came to know the woman the story of whose struggles after the light I am now relating. The meeting had been marked by a quiet power. There had been no excitement, but the Spirit's presence had been seen by many in the large congregation. The very quietness of the service, the suppressed prayers, the checked exclamations — these had made their own strong appeal.

With a stranger in the audience I sought an opportunity for a word of personal inquiry. My question was parried by a declaration that she could never make a public exhibition of her feelings; religion was too sacred for such a display. I repeated my question. Again she used a foil; she would never do certain things which she had detested from childhood. A third time I asked, "Are you a Christian?"

Sharply, defiantly, came the answer, "Yes, I am!"

A few days later I received a letter from the conscience-stricken woman, begging me to pray God to forgive her the lie of which she had been guilty when she had said that she was a disciple of Jesus Christ. The days that followed, she told me, had been days of terrible restlessness; she could find no peace, she was in terror by day and by night, and closed the letter with a piteous appeal that I come to see her. I went at once, and found her under deepest conviction. It was not long before I discovered that circumstances were such as to make a public decision for Christ almost an act of martyrdom. She hesitated. Could she not find rest in some other way than by the hard way? It was impossible, I saw that; and in a little while she, too, felt it, and then I left her to fight the battle with herself.

All through a sleepless night the conflict went on, while the angels of the Lord kept vigil with her, and ministered unto her when she grew faint. The next day she sent me word that decision had been made, and that now she was willing to do anything that God required of her. That was the beginning of peace.

The same evening in the public congregation she gave her heart to Christ, and there peace in greater measure came to her. It could be seen in her

face. But deep joy was not yet hers. The day was breaking, but the sun had not risen. She worried about it, and in many ways sought peace.

The day after she had publicly confessed Christ she put all her feeling and desire into a copy of the head of her dear Lord (she is an accomplished artist), and when she brought the sketch to me for my study wall, she said, "Oh, that face is so sad!" Joy had not yet had its birth, but she at least had the satisfaction of knowing that she was trying to do her duty.

"I find so many opportunities now," she told me, and very faithfully she made use of them all. Thus for several days she walked, more and more lamenting her lack of knowledge and the absence of joy.

Those were days of snow and cold.

Late one afternoon, while riding in a street-car along one of the avenues, praying constantly that God would give her some humble service to perform, she saw in the heaps of snow at one of the corners what had been the makings of somebody's home. Instantly the suggestion came that there was the opportunity which she sought, but before she had time to decide what she would do, the car was at her door. It was the dinner hour, her husband would be there, so she went in, thinking to go to the relief of the family on the morrow.

As she entered her house and glanced around at the more than comfortable appointments of her home, the remembrance of that other home, now broken up, came up before her; and she was in the street again, and on her way to the place of distress. There she found a poor colored woman, alone, without a friend in the world, without food, without shelter, her few household effects snow-covered, while above the place from which she had been ejected, an old sign, "Fine laundry work done," swayed by the wintry wind, swung mockingly. It took but half an hour to find other rooms around the corner, and to see that the destitute woman was comfortably settled for a month at least.

The twilight had deepened, and now it was night. A policeman stood on the sidewalk, watching in bewilderment the strange doings of the "lady," while the lonely woman was rejoicing in a new-found friend and in shelter from the storm and night. How different the needs of the two women! One needed help and had found the desired relief; the other had been seeking for joy, and had not yet found it. Standing together in the deepening darkness, what different thoughts filled their minds! To that unfortunate woman it seemed, as to the dwellers at Lystra, when Paul and Barnabas had ministered unto them, that some god had come to earth in human form, and she would have worshiped her benefactress. The other, with all thought of mere happiness now driven from her mind by the humble service she was rendering a forlorn sister of earth, taking the hard hand of the thankful woman for a moment, said simply, "He sent me, you must thank Him." And that instant the joy for which she had been yearning entered her heart. The divine light burst upon her soul, and He in

whose face a little before she could see naught but sadness was now a radiantly beautiful Christ.

There hangs now in my library another likeness of Christ, made to replace the one drawn during those days of sore conflict. It is her own conception of her Lord, and has been sketched with a pencil of ardent love. The face is full of peace.

New York City.

RUSSIA'S MOST SACRED SHRINE

A Glimpse of Baptized Idolatry

REV. DILLON BRONSON.

IT is 7 o'clock in the afternoon in Moscow, June 14, Russian time (June 28 everywhere else), but Russia's sun is more than two hours high and will peep over the horizon tomorrow morning before 3 o'clock. We are standing in the broadest street of the city near the incomparable Kremlin and opposite a gigantic gateway under which nestles a little chapel of colored marbles with blue pyramidal roof flecked with golden stars. Every passer-by faces the chapel, uncovers himself, and solemnly makes the sign of the cross several times. Even the passengers on the crowded double-decked horse-cars go through this strange ceremony. Here comes a gang of dusty laborers. Every one of them stops, and, bowing low toward the chapel, crosses himself again and again. There are some long-haired, long-gowned priests of the Russian Church, very intelligent, good-looking men, too, with clear complexions and kindly eyes, kneeling on the marble steps with their faces pressed against the hard pavement. Every cab driver in his padded robe, which makes him fill the front seat entirely, finds time to remove his quality hat and touch his forehead, chest, and right and left shoulders. Just over there a splendid carriage with prancing black stallions is halting, and a wealthy lady with maid steps out to kneel before the sacred shrine. Here close by are merchants coming from their pretty shops in the matchless glass arcade near by. They too, without exception, pay their homage and make the sacred sign; and the poor peasants from afar, with black bread and onions in a cloth, with coarse clothing and straw shoes and stout walking stick which has helped them over a hundred versts — they, of course, are filled with rapture, and prostrate themselves flat upon the pavement, kissing everything in reach in passionate adoration.

"What is the meaning of all this?" we ask, and as we search eagerly but in vain in the throng for some one who looks as though he could speak a word of some other language than Russian, our eyes rest on a royal carriage which we had overlooked. It is drawn by beautiful black horses, with liveried, bare-headed attendants, who are taking from the carriage a blackened picture of the Blessed Virgin. This, then, must be the wonder-working "Mother of God," the most sacred picture in all Russia, before which the Czar prostrates himself before entering the Kremlin. We open our German Baedeker and read that the picture is two hundred and fifty years old, was brought from Mt. Athos, and is covered with pearls and precious stones. It is taken in a royal carriage every day to the homes of the sick, where it works miracles and receives great sums of money. It has a gash in one cheek made long ago by a Tartar sword; but millions would now gladly give their lives to save the idol from such indignity.

We enter the chapel when the picture has been set in place again, and buy a tiny candle which we place alongside a hundred

others filling the room with a stifling odor. This, however, is real perfume compared to the orthodox 47 distinct smells of Moscow. We will not kneel, and we cannot stand with a score kneeling behind us endeavoring to see the sacred ikon, so we back out into the air, feeling the scorn reflected from a half-hundred faces and wonder what the Christ and His sweet mother think of this. It is awfully sincere. The tears and prayers, the prostrations and kisses, and the lavish gifts of the wretchedly poor make our hearts ache. We have seen raw idolatry in many lands, but nothing more pitiful than this.

Let us hurry into the Kremlin, for "nothing surpasses Moscow except the Kremlin, and nothing except heaven surpasses the Kremlin." Looking from the tower of John the Great over the sacred city of pink and green, blue, yellow, red and white buildings, with over one hundred golden domes of churches shimmering in the sun, we may forget the strange adoration of paint and millinery and relics which is so large a part of the worship of the Greek Church.

DR. DORCHESTER'S METHODIST FACTS AND FIGURES

REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

I HAVE been very much interested in the facts and figures recently given by Dr. Dorchester relating to past and present Methodism. One fact has specially interested me. I had somehow come to the conclusion that bemoaning the backslidings of Methodism was indigenous to the West, but it seems to have had an existence in the East before there was any West. I had a bad spell of it nearly seventy years ago, but I was so thoroughly cured by a bit of heroic treatment along the very line of Dr. Dorchester's paper, that I never had a relapse.

My childhood's home was the "stopping place" of Methodist preachers, going or coming. One cold night about 1832, a strange preacher from some other circuit was the guest of the evening. He had traveled all day and was tired, and perhaps out of physical tune somewhat; at any rate he was not sweet. Naturally enough, my father asked him how the church was prospering in his parts.

"Bad enough, bad enough," he answered, in a lugubrious tone. "Methodism isn't what it used to be; people do not attend class as they used to, and women wear fashionable bonnets and tight-sleeved frocks; you can't tell Methodists from worldlings by their dress any more. If there is not a speedy return to old-fashioned Methodism there will be no Methodism in a few years."

"Stop that, brother, stop!" interposed my father, with an emphasis hardly compatible with politeness. "You are mistaken. There is no diminution in the spirituality of the church, except possibly among a few individuals and in a few localities; and it will never do to gage the whole church by these. It was never more aggressive than now, or growing more rapidly. The increase in the connection last year was more than 40,000, and we now number more than a half million."

You see, he had been reading the ZION'S HERALD three or four years, and was posted. (Just then it was published in New York, to help the *Christian Advocate* and the *Providence Journal* out of their infancy.)

"No, the church is not going to the bad; and if it is, I do not want my children to know it."

Then followed a short further discussion of the subject, in which, in my child opinion, my father was the winner by odds. The spell of distrust that came over me at the sad announcement of the tired and probably backslidden old preacher was gone forever,

and when I said my evening prayer it was accompanied with thanksgiving that the Methodist Church was worth living for, and doing for, and if need be dying for—a sentiment that has increased with the years.

Of course Dr. Dorchester's figures are all right as far as they go, and his conclusion is right as drawn from the figures; but he wholly ignores a most important fact when estimating the past and the present of Methodism because there are no figures that bear upon it. Methodism, as a moral and religious force in the past and now, can be but poorly estimated by its enrollments. For more than a hundred years it has been a great feeder to other churches—the feeder, I may say. For reasons that need not be detailed in this paper, further than to say in all cases they are connected with our polity, unnumbered and innumerable thousands have gone from our altars into other communions, driven away, we may say, by the pertinacity with which we have held and even now hold to some cherished relic of the past in matters of polity alone.

But this has not been an unmixed evil. Who shall say that, after all, it was not God's method of reforming the effete theologies of the middle ages, which so stubbornly resisted argument in debate? Live Methodists, from Methodist altars, with Methodist experiences, saturated with Methodist doctrines, going into the pew have silenced the pulpits that could not be silenced in the arena of discussion; so that, go where you may, you will seldom hear a whisper of dissent from any Methodist doctrine in any pulpit of the land.

But we have not filled the pews only with our representatives. The pulpits, also, to a degree Dr. Dorchester's figures do not yet and probably never will cover, are occupied by one-time members of our fold. Who would have thought in 1840, when the General Conference by a large majority so emphatically refused to authorize or even tolerate theological schools; or seven years later, when John Dempster and a few other venturesome men dared to start such a school and had to do it on the sly (purchasing a moribund academy at Concord and calling the enterprise only a "Biblical Institute," to avoid criticism), that, within the lifetime of men then living and working, that identical school would not only be supplying Methodist pulpits with educated ministers, but many of the pulpits of other churches?—and that, too, without their receiving the slightest bias in that direction by the lectures or private instructions of any of the faculty of the school. Take out of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Protestant Episcopal pulpits the preachers that Methodism has furnished, and those churches would be sorely crippled. It would even demoralize the house of bishops in the Episcopal Church.

And this is to go on probably forever. Let Dr. Dorchester turn his search-light in that direction in quest of figures. If he cannot find them they cannot be found, and yet the Methodism of the past and of the present can never be measured by figures without counting the Methodism that is housed in other churches, and that is working in other pulpits. What if our numbers do not increase as formerly? That is no indication that we are not doing a good work. Once I was traveling in Vermont among barren fields that produced only nubbins on stalks not over six feet high, and I asked a Green Mountaineer: "What is Vermont fit for, anyway?" expecting him to quail; but undismayed he answered: "To build school-houses and raise men." It was then my time to quail.

If the mission of Methodism henceforth shall be to build colleges and theological schools and national universities, and to maintain churches largely to fill the pews

and pulpits of other churches, that will be no ignoble work. Raising men is a grander vocation than raising corn, though both are useful in their respective places.

I still believe in the church—as it was, as it is, and as it is to be; hoping that the belated old men who used to reap with a sickle, thresh with a flail, take their grists to mill on horseback, and prospered, will not insist that our Bishops travel the connection at large on horseback as the early Bishops did, or insist on anything else simply because it worked well a hundred years ago. Take the self-binder and the steam thresher and the railroad in church machinery as well as in farming, and adjust polity to the changed conditions of life.

Indianapolis, Ind.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand —
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land,

But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our hand alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp — for a kindly helpful lift —
The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?

— JOHN TROLAND, in *Youth's Companion*.

MOODY'S EQUIPMENT

I CAN myself go back almost twelve years, and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered, "You need the power." "I need power?" I said to myself. "Why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath-school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about "anointing for special service" set me to thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say God then revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that

blest experience if you would give me all Glasgow — it would be as the small dust of the balance. — DWIGHT L. MOODY, in Address at Glasgow.

I. TISDALE TALBOT, M. D.

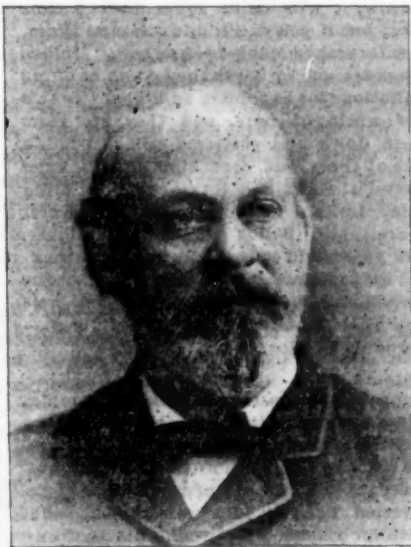
ONE of the most distinguished of Harvard's medical graduates, one of the most esteemed of Boston's medical practitioners, one of the most influential of American educators in the field of medicine, Dr. I. Tisdale Talbot, has suddenly been called from the scene of his earthly activities. On Wednesday, July 5, in Trinity Church, a great assembly paid heartfelt honor to his memory, and thence, in long procession, bore his loved form to its last resting-place in Mount Auburn.

Like Jacob Sleeper, he was a son of Maine. In Sharon of that State he was born, October 29, 1829. Like many another young man, he gained by teaching the means to carry forward his own education. At Worcester Academy, in this State, he fitted himself for the sophomore class in Harvard College, but in March, 1851, was induced to enter the Harvard Medical School. At that date the facilities for medical education were far from what they now are; but this young candidate eagerly sought by combining all to be sure of the best. Accordingly, between the years 1851 and 1854, he completed not only the medical course at Harvard but also that of the Philadelphia Homeopathic College. Then, making his way to Europe, he supplemented his American training with the best he could find abroad. On his return he was qualified as were few others in that day to further and adorn the profession to which he had devoted his life.

Unfortunately for the organic unity and harmony of the profession in this Commonwealth, a great controversy arose in the Massachusetts Medical Society over the toleration or non-toleration of the ideas and practices known as homeopathic. On the one side, good and great men asserted that these ideas and practices, if left to the scientific and practical testing of each individual member of the Society, could live no longer than they might show themselves deserving to live. On the other hand, others no less conscientious, though less hospitable to new ideas, contended that the new doctrines and practices were so at variance with well ascertained results of experience, and so adapted to give those who accepted them a partisan attitude, an animus over against those who did not, that mutual fellowship in one and the same medical body was out of the question. After a long and acrimonious controversy, the champions of the latter view were found to outnumber their opponents, and by means of an exciting legal process the minority, including Dr. Talbot, was ejected from the Society and deprived of what they considered most manifest personal and professional rights under the State-given charter of the body and the existing laws of the Commonwealth.

If any supposed that this would be the end of the new movement, they were not a little mistaken. It was rather the beginning. For the first time in Massachusetts a strong body of educated and experienced physicians, closely knit in sympathy, found themselves in unsought isolation from former colleagues and standing by themselves as representatives of homeopathic principles. They also had behind them a strong and sympathetic clientele, including many of the wealthiest and most intelligent families in Boston and its vicinity. In the eyes of this clientele the new association stood for fairness in professional intercourse and for freedom of scientific inquiry. In Dr. Talbot more than in any other the movement found a leader of immense executive

ability. Charters were procured for a medical school, a dispensary, and a hospital, to be organized and conducted according to the new and freer spirit. Before the first was accepted and organization begun, it was found that a majority of the trustees of the financially embarrassed New England Female Medical College belonged to a clientele of the expelled physicians, and that the same was true of the founders and organizers of the just chartered Boston University. Furthermore, in the governing boards of these two institutions, even those members who employed as physicians men of the lately victorious party believed that if there was to be a new medical school in Boston, it



I. TISDALE TALBOT, M. D.

would be decidedly in the public interest to have it under the government, not of a body of associated physicians, but rather of a non-partisan university corporation, and subject to the broad humanistic influences and scientific spirit of a metropolitan university. As a result of negotiations the Legislature made over to Boston University the oldest woman's medical college in America for reorganization upon a co-educational basis and for conduct as a medical department. On their part, the trustees of the University expressly reserved to themselves the right to establish any other medical departments that might at any time appear expedient; and, as a further illustration of their entire catholicity in the matter, adopted statutes that opened the way for students trained in the department to be promoted to the doctor's degree under old school or new school auspices, as they might prefer.

From the beginning in 1873 until the date of his death, the annually elected dean of the school was Dr. Talbot. In this position he showed rare skill and a loyalty to the University's interests worthy of one who had been the beloved family physician of at least two of its founders. As a teacher he was able; as an administrator, tactful; as a counselor, beloved. He was a firm believer in coeducation. At the time of the struggle for the opening of facilities for college preparation to girls in Boston, he rendered the cause of progress a valued service. Many a man would have shrunk from the risk and responsibility of conducting the untried experiment of coeducation in medical and surgical instruction; but he did not. The issue abundantly vindicated his faith. He lived to see the newest and strongest institutions, universities like the Johns Hopkins and Cornell, following the example first set in Boston University.

Dean Talbot was by instinct a leader. He

was ready for the highest practicable advances. Accordingly, when it was suggested that the time had come to advance the standard of medical education in America by establishing a curriculum four years in duration in place of the meagre courses of two, or at most three, years then maintained in the old institutions, he saw the need and the waiting opportunity, and under the inspiration of his advocacy not only his colleagues in our faculty were won to the measure, but also in a short time the governing authorities of the homeopathic colleges throughout the country. Had he been less responsive to high ideals, Boston University would have missed the honor she now enjoys of having been the first of American institutions to provide and maintain a four years' course preliminary to a doctorate in medicine and surgery.

Of Dean Talbot's distinguished services in other relations than as educator, others have spoken and will continue to speak. He was largely instrumental in the founding and generous endowment of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. More, perhaps, than any other he was influential in inducing the State Legislature to establish the Westboro Insane Hospital under homeopathic control. He was long editor, or editorial contributor, to the *New England Medical Gazette*. He gave his large influence to the establishment of the present State Board of medical examiners. At the time of his death he was honorary member in twelve State medical societies and in three national associations — those of Great Britain, France and Germany. His influence far overpassed the bounds of our continent. Genial, generous, peace-loving, tireless in labor, reverent toward all high and sacred things, he has left a name and a life-work which good men long will honor.

In behalf of the governing boards of Boston University now scattered for the summer — the University Council, the Senate, and the Corporation — the executive committee of the latter here place on record and give to the press the foregoing expression of affectionate regard for the character and manifold services of their late colleague, and with tender sympathy forward to the afflicted family a copy of the same.

ALDEN SPEARE,
J. H. CHADWICK,
WM. R. CLARK,
OLIVER H. DURRELL,
WILLIAM F. WARREN.
Executive Committee.

Another Blow at Miscellaneous Divorces

THE clergymen of several denominations at Ann Arbor have taken a most effective means of bringing divorce for miscellaneous causes into disfavor among their parishioners. On a recent Friday evening two persons applied to a Methodist minister to be married. On looking over the license he ascertained that the woman had been divorced. Thereupon he refused to perform the ceremony. The disappointed couple then applied to a Baptist minister, and he also refused to make them one. This led to an inquiry, which disclosed that the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Church of Christ and Trinity Lutheran clergymen of Ann Arbor had held a private meeting and decided not to perform the marriage ceremony where either of the parties has been granted a divorce for any other than Scriptural reasons. In the case of strangers who are divorced persons they will flatly refuse to marry them. The action of the clergymen of Ann Arbor is significant of the revulsion of public sentiment against easy and wholesale divorces. — *Chicago Times-Herald*.

THE FAMILY

BLUEBERRYING

OLIVE E. DANA.

On the rock-ribbed pasture hills,
With the hollows hid between,
Arched with skies the great sun fills,
Morn by morn, from green to green;
Where the birds their friendliest lay
On the fragrant air outfling,
Where the crickets croon all day, —
There we go blueberrying.

There the deepest shadows lie,
There the pines their balms let fall,
There the squirrel watches nigh,
There the moping tree-toads call;
There the mornings longest keep
Their sweet dews, all glistening,
There the free winds widest sweep, —
Where we go blueberrying.

Oh, the scents the plain herbs yield,
And the odors that are blown
From the forest and the field,
And the meadows, newly mown!
Ah! the drooping clouds that float
Just below the sun of noon,
And the sunsets, note by note,
Writing large their color-runes!

There each nestling bush has won,
In its globes of dusky blue,
All the fervor of the sun,
And the coolness of the dew;
Low to seek and plain to hold,
Clustered thickly, dew-impearled,
Free and sturdy, but within
Summer's sweetness has been furled.

'Tis the marvel, dear and old,
Of a Providence that pours
Into every common mold
Its mysterious, potent stores.
Let the hurrying world go by!
Fear nor foe nor questioning
Bars the kismet which is nigh, —
We will go blueberrying!

Augusta, Me.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Before the dawn the darkest hour,
The blank and chill before the flower,
Beauty prepares a background gray
Whereon her loveliest tints to lay.

—Lucy Larcom.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like
a bell. — Jean Paul Richter.

As a spring-lock closes of itself, but cannot
be unlocked without a key; so we of
ourselves may run into sin, but cannot
return without the key of God's grace. —
Cawdry.

A man can no more be a Christian without
facing evil and conquering it, than he can
be a soldier without going to battle and
encountering the enemy in the field. — E. H.
Chapin.

The separation between earth and heaven
is a narrow partition, and death is but the
swinging of the door; the dead are living,
more truly living than we. — Lyman Abbott.

One of the worst uses to be made of the
imperfections of good men is to measure
them by their imperfections. It is like valuing
gardens by their weeds, and fruit trees
by their worm-eaten fruit. By that method
of measuring Samara is better than the choicest
garden in the world, for it has fewer
weeds; and a dead tree is better than the
most fruitful tree in the orchard, for it has

no poor fruit. Not by their weeds alone,
but by their fruits, ye shall know them. —
Peloubet.

Do not grudge the hand that is molding
the still too shapeless image within you. It
is growing more beautiful, though you see it
not, and every touch of temptation may add
to its perfection. Therefore keep in the
midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be
among men, and among things, and among
troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles. —
Henry Drummond.

Make that stern disappointment an austere
John the Baptist to bring you to the
Christ. If you pull down the nest of a
sparrow, it will build again in the same
place; but if you pull it down several times,
it will seek a home elsewhere. Human
beings are not so wise; they go on building
habitations for happiness and hope in this
poor world of ours, and they see them
pulled down and scattered to the winds a
score of times, and each time, after a brief
interval of sighs and tears, begin building
again. Imitate the bird that, when its nest
is destroyed, builds again, but higher.
Open your mind to the utter vanity of seeking
for your heart a home below the
heavens, and bid the stern experience welcome
that sends you to the Highest. —
George A. Gordon, D. D.

Suppose, that, instead of dodging trouble,
or just bearing it, it is possible for you to
make it a source of life and strength; suppose
that the very circumstances which had
seemed to you most overwhelming can be
converted by you into refreshment and
health for other souls — would not that explain
at last why the dreaded valley of Baca
lay thus on your road? Blessed is the man
who, coming there, maketh a well. To find
under the dry soil of that parenting place
the signs of water, and to transform that
very spot into verdure and fruitfulness —
that is the most gracious use of life. I do
not know when or where the valley of disillusion,
or doubt, or disappointment is to come
in your way; but I do know what your
problem is when you get there. It is not
to dodge away up the hillside; it is not
even to get through as best you can; it is
to discover the interior secret and gift of the
experience, as one who digs into its soil.
There is not a single experience which you
are called to meet that has not within itself
some fertilizing power; and there is not a
greater joy than to discover the signs of
water in the heart of what seems a desolate
and thirsty land. For the well, once dug, is
not for yourself alone; the experience once
interpreted helps the next traveler that
comes that way. It becomes a green and
restful spot in many a weary journey.
Nor is this all. The heavens above conspire
with the effort of your will. "The rain,"
the psalm goes on to sing, " filleth the pools."
The Rain-Sender comes to reinforce the
well-digger. God works with man
when man is a laborer together with God;
and the man in the valley sings, as he digs
his well: —

"It is better to sit at the fountain's birth
Than a sea of waves to win,
To live in the love that floweth forth,
Than the love that cometh in."

—FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D. D., in "Afternoons in the College Chapel."

Oh, the victories of prayer! They are the
mountain-tops of the Bible. They take us
back to the plains of Mamre, to the fords of
Peniel, to the prison of Joseph, to the triumphs
of Moses, to the transcendent victories
of Joshua, to the deliverances of David,
to the miracles of Elijah and Elisha, to the
whole story of the Master's life, to the secret

of Pentecost, to the keynote of Paul's unparal-
leled ministry, to the lives of saints and
the deaths of martyrs, to all that is most sacred
and sweet in the history of the church
and the experience of the children of God.
And when, for us, the last conflict shall
have passed, and the footstool of prayer
shall have given place to the harp of praise,
the spots of time that shall be glided with
the most celestial and eternal radiance shall
be those, often linked with deepest sorrow
and darkest night, over which we have the
inscription, "Jehovah-Shamma: The Lord
was there!" — Bishop Simpson.

To count no cost in time or will,
Simply to try my place to fill;
To do because the act is right;
To live as living in His sight;
To try each day His will to know;
To tread the way His will may show;
To regulate each plan I make,
Each hope I build, each hope I break;
To please the heart which pleases me
Through daily tireless ministry;
To live for Him who gave me life;
To strive for Him who suffered strife
And sacrifice, through death, for me —
Let this my joy, my portion, be.

—George W. Kingle.

Blessed are the happiness makers! Blessed
are they who with humble talents make
themselves like the mignonette, creators of
fragrance and peace! Thrice blessed are they
who with lofty talents emulate the vines that
climbing high never forget to blossom, and
the higher they climb do ever shed sweet
blooms upon those beneath! No single
great deed is comparable for a moment to the
multitude of little gentlenesses performed
by those who scatter happiness on every
side and strew all life with hope and good
cheer. — Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.

THE LORD'S WORK

"I DECLARE, I'm downright discouraged! I work early and late, day and night, and am never through. It seems as though the Lord just piles work on me! Well, if He does it, I suppose it must be all right, and I'll say nothing more about it."

And the poor overworked woman dropped her sewing into her lap, and leaned back in her chair with a weary sigh.

"If it really is the Lord's work," said Aunt Jane.

"Now, what do you mean by that, Aunt Jane? It seems as if, by your tone, you doubted whether He does send it."

"Well, Eliza, to tell the truth, I do," answered Aunt Jane, laying down her knitting and looking at the tired face before her. "I do doubt very much if the Lord sent you all the work that you have done today. I am pretty fully persuaded that you have made a good part of it — the part which tired you the most — and now you are laying it to the Lord's sending."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Eliza, sitting bolt upright in her chair and letting her arms fall from her apron in which she wound them for support — "Well, I never did!" And her voice was full of indignant protest.

"Now, Eliza, don't be angry with me without a cause. You are a just woman, and I want you to listen to what I have to say. I want you to go over the work of today. What first?"

"First, I got breakfast," said Eliza, who was a just woman and ready to

listen to reason; "then I cleared up and got the children off to school."

"The Lord's work, sure enough," said Aunt Jane.

"After that I made my cake for tomorrow. Well, what of that?" as Aunt Jane gently shook her head.

"How many kinds, Eliza?"

"Six. But what of it?"

"Why six? Would not two, or at the most three, have been enough, with all the other things you are going to have?"

"Mrs. Simpson had six at her tea-party, and I'm not going to be outdone by her," said Eliza.

Again Aunt Jane shook her head; but her time was not yet.

"Then it was time to get dinner and clear that up; and after that I had the trimming to rip off Mary's dress. That took me till supper-time, and I have been ever since sewing it on again; and my eyes ache like the toothache, and I'm so beat out that I shan't get to sleep for hours after I go to bed."

"And so will not get half the rest you will need for all that extra work tomorrow. But why could not that dress have done as it was? I thought it very neat and pretty."

"Well, I thought so myself until I saw Abby Smith's new one, and then I saw that the trimming was put on in an old-fashioned way, and I wasn't going to have Mary look old-style tomorrow just because her mother was too lazy to do a little sewing."

"And you call that the Lord's work! Well, I don't. Now, Eliza, I'm going to have my say, and you mustn't interrupt me till I am done. I don't call spending your precious time and strength making six kinds of cake when two would answer as well, for the sake of not being outdone by Mrs. Simpson, the Lord's work. I don't call straining your eyes and using up two hours, when you might have been resting, in taking off and putting on trimming, so that some silly girl might not be able to call Mary's dress old-fashioned, the Lord's work; if for no other reason than because it made you nervous and unreasonable, so that you spoke sharply to John and sent Mary to bed crying. Shall I tell you what I heard your little girls saying just now as I sat in my room?"

"Oh!" said Kitty, "I wish mamma would take us on her lap and kiss us once in a while, like Mollie's mother."

"So do I," said Ella; "but mother is always so busy, you know, Kitty; she doesn't have time."

"I tell you, Eliza, it made my heart ache to think how you are neglecting some of the Lord's work for the sake of that which you have made. One part of the work which the Lord has given you is the care of your health; for how can you be what you might be, what you ought to be to your family, if you are always tired and nervous? What does Mary care that the trimming is sewed on her dress in the newest style, when her mother has broken her heart with sharp, unloving words? What is it to your little children that your table is loaded with cake, if you are always too busy to hold them in your lap or to give them a loving kiss? If necessary —

which it never will be — let the dust lie thick on your furniture rather than have your children grow up without a mother! You need not open your eyes. You are an excellent housekeeper, but not much of a mother yet, Eliza. And now I don't want you to speak one word or answer me for ten minutes by the clock. You are awfully angry now, but when you have thought over what I have said for that time, you won't do anything but thank me; for you're a just woman, Eliza, and you are going to be one of the best mothers the Lord ever made, after tonight."

The ten minutes were not quite up when Eliza rose and left the room. Silently she entered her daughter's room. All was quiet; but when she came to the bedside she heard a little sob. In a moment she was on her knees beside the bed, and Mary was gathered in her mother's arms as she never had been since she could walk alone. What passed between them they only knew; but if any more tears were shed in the little room that night, they were tears of joy. The little girls were fast asleep in each other's arms and did not feel the longed-for kisses, but they would tomorrow.

Aunt Jane had fallen into a gentle doze when Eliza returned, but started broad awake to find her standing at her side.

"Aunt Jane," she said, "you said some pretty severe things to me, but not too severe. I was in a desperate way and needed desperate remedies. You were right; I thank you from my heart. Good-night."

For some time Aunt Jane sat with her hands folded, her lips moving as though in prayer.

"It seemed as though the Lord had laid it on me to do it," she murmured finally, "and I did not dare shirk it, though it was desperately hard to do; and now I can never be thankful enough that I did it!" — *American Messenger*.

IN THE DOLDRUMS

NEAR the equator are regions of calm which the sailors call the Doldrums. Here ships must often wait day after day for breezes enough to fill their sails. Such experiences are hard for impatient souls. To be eager to be gone, and to be compelled to stay! To have much to do, perhaps some special work almost complete, and to be able for the moment to do nothing! To be dreaming of a port and to lie still and whistle for a breeze! To have fallen into the Doldrums in the middle of the voyage is one of the trying experiences of life. Then it is, if we are wise, that we learn the folly of fretting and the recuperative energy and moral value of sitting still. These times of nervous helplessness and mental sterility commonly follow some form of over-exertion. We have kept the mind so long at strain in some one direction that it rebels and refuses to do its work. We have overdrawn our account and our drafts return to us unhonored. We have borrowed nervous energy from days to come, and the time of reckoning cannot be further postponed. Now, whether we will or no, in this line of work, at least, we must have a Sabbath time and wait until the winds of God begin to blow. We must accept the calm, and we may enjoy it, if we have faith in God, fixing our minds on other things, repenting of our folly of hurry and serenely

confident that God has much more work for us to do. — *Congregationalist*.

WAYFARERS

Bleak lies the road along the mountain height,
Melting in lengthening distance dim and gray,
The heavenly vision flashes on our sight
Only to fade away,
And faltering we delay;
Fair is the valley — very green and fair —
Our tired feet are fain to linger there!

Across the plain the winds are blowing chill,
Yet fiercely at the noontide burnt the sun,
Point after point we strive to gain, and still
Another lies unwon,
Breathless and faint we run;
Until the hopes that cheered us almost seem
The fleeting fancies of a fevered dream.

Nay, though we stumble, though our hearts may ache,
The city that we seek has but one road,
He who has suffered all things for our sake —
Himself the Son of God —
This very pathway trod,
And as He passed, He left as His decree
For all who love Him, "Follow after Me."

Then we will follow. What though overborne
Each with his burden, soiled with dust and heat,
Above the misty hills shines clear the dawn
That leads us to His feet.
Then shall their rest be sweet
Who well have kept through loss and toil and strife
The strait and narrow way whose gate is life.

— CHRISTIAN BURKE, in *The Argosy*.

ROB'S LETTER

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"WHAT'LL I say in answer to that? I guess I'll write her a polite note of thanks, a sort of arms-length epistle. I don't like preachy folks — don't see why all his relatives are bound to give a fellow advice, just because he's twenty-one."

"Write Aunt Amy an 'arms-length' epistle! I'm surprised at you, Rob."

Katherine Stamford took up the letter which her brother tossed into her lap. It was what might be called a lady-like looking envelope, addressed in the light, running hand of twenty-five years ago. She glanced at the contents quickly.

"Why, I don't see any advice here — only good wishes for you to be a manly man."

"That's covert advice anyhow," grumbled Rob. "I wish folks would know enough not to overdo such business."

"Where is the book she sent? Have you read it?" Katherine ignored the grumble.

"Read it? No — never shall, most likely. If 'twas a treatise on football it would be something like, but it's more preaching, I suspect. Who is the author, anyway? Aunt Amy says he was the manliest young man, so far as she knew, who had lived on the earth lately, and these are his words to other young men."

"Who is the author?" Katherine repeated the question, as she looked at

the title-page and read a well-known name. "You bad boy! You're affecting ignorance, and it isn't at all becoming. Not know the author indeed!"

She raised the little book with a touch that was almost tender.

"Aunt Amy is right," she said, seriously, "and I think she showed beautiful judgment when she chose this. I shall read it, if you don't."

"Beautiful" judgment! That's a girl's adjective sure enough! But if you say the book's good and isn't preachy, maybe I'll tackle it. I'm glad I've got some one to sample things for me. That doesn't help the letter to Aunt Amy, though. How shall I do the gratitude properly, when I don't feel it? Do you think it is right to say what we don't feel? That's hypocrisy. You're my conscience, Missy."

"Indeed, I'm not, but I think I can enlighten yours somewhat. Whoever heard that we ought to act as we feel, provided we don't feel right? If you were angry and wanted to nit some one, would you be a hypocrite if you refrained? You're bound to consider how Aunt Amy felt toward you when she sent the gift and the letter, and be grateful for her kind intention. It isn't yourself you're to think about. A manly man ignores self—sometimes!" Katherine was impressive, almost to scorn.

"There you go! If my sweet sister isn't preaching, herself. 'Is Saul also among the prophets?' I declare, I've caught the disease, and am actually quoting Scripture. If I'd said, 'You're another,' 'twould have been more modern, and meant just the same."

"You incorrigible boy!" Kate could not help laughing. "You are a boy, though you can vote at the next election. But seriously—about Aunt Amy. I've thought of her more than a little for a few days. Last week I was rummaging in the attic, and came on a box of letters. They were from Aunt Amy to papa, when both were young, and he was in college. I asked papa, and he gave me permission to read them. Rob, those two were just as much to each other as you and I are now." Katherine gave her brother's arm a loving squeeze. She was that great blessing to a boy, a sister a little his senior.

"Her letters show it," she went on, "and I could see by them just what dear, good, satisfying ones papa sent in reply. Not a week passed without the interchange—long letters, too. Now all these years she has had to live away from us, on account of her health, and if one of the family sends her a scrawl once a month or so, we think we're doing well. Papa is so busy—it takes money to keep the thing going"—Katherine sighed as she thought of her father's face, often anxious; then she added: "But suppose it was you and I, grown up, and separated. I'd know you loved me, of course, but I'd be glad to be told of it now and then. It gives me the shivers to think how lonely I may have to be without you some day, when you're 'married and a'."

"Fudge!" interjected Rob.

"Naturally Aunt Amy longs for the affection of papa's children. Now we don't have such a lot to do that we can't

write letters more than an inch long, and I fancy it's our business to keep the stream of family love flowing. You just put your thanks to Aunt Amy in pretty phrase. If you can honestly, let her get a glimpse of that serious side which boys think it is manly to conceal."

"Whew!" whistled Rob.

"Then tell her about your basket ball, and fill in with bits of home life. I'm sure she'd be pleased even to know what we had for breakfast. I should be, if I were away from home. Your letter will make her feel as if you'd given her a hearty smack, full on the lips."

"Miss Katherine waxeth eloquent," laughed Rob, but his really good face lost the expression of boyish annoyance. "She's the preacheriest of 'em all. Her grateful audience will proceed now to make the application." He seized the small book and the letter, and left the room.

The reply which Miss Stamford received two days later, was certainly not an "arms-length epistle." She read it with many a laugh over its fun, but when she put it back in the envelope her eyes were shining, and she said: "The dear boy! So like his father."

Clifton Springs, N. Y.

W. F. M. S. NOTES

—Miss Ella E. Glover writes from her sea home, steamship "Coptic," May 3: "Nearing Honolulu, with pleasant weather most of the voyage. I found some missionaries on board, also Dr. Fryer, a teacher of Chinese in the University of California, who spends his summers in Shanghai where he used to live. I am glad that every hour is bringing me nearer my China home, or, rather, the work that awaits me there."

—Miss Althea M. Todd sends a most encouraging report from Ing-chung, China. She has had five hundred patients since Jan. 1, many coming from a day's or more journey away; and as no one comes alone, this means that double the number have heard the Gospel.

—From Pithoragarh, India, Miss Tresham writes: "Our new hospital has proved a great boon. It is delightfully situated on a hill by itself and catches the fresh breezes from all sides, and being away from the school, the quiet is charming."

—One of the presiding elders pays this deserved tribute to Miss Blackmar and her work: "She is the heroine of Hyderabad. It took as much courage for her to begin work there as it did for Dewey to take Manila. She is one of the grandest women in India."

—A private letter just received from Miss Mabel C. Hartford, of Ku Cheng, China, is so interesting that we have requested the privilege of giving a few extracts from it to our readers. She says:—

"I am starting an Industrial Home for some of our poor Christian women, and I want yarn and worsted for them to knit and crochet. I am certain many people could send me a little if they knew I needed it. It is light, so they could send it by mail. The Chinese never have any woolen stockings or pretty socks and jackets for their babies, so if we make some to sell to them we will be doing good to them as well as earning money."

"I have the Girls' School this year, and as the building is not yet done, I am staying with Mrs. Main. Mr. Main is our missionary in charge and presiding elder. He and Mrs. Main have a sweet baby boy sixteen months old. Dr. and Mrs. Skinner live just next door; they have a little girl nearly two years old. Miss Glenk, our new missionary, is boarding with them until the

school is done. Miss Linam has the Women's and Romanized schools, and lives down in the city with the women. A short time since I made a pedestrian tour. I never before had been out without coolies, although I often had walked nearly all the way. The coolies lately have been very disagreeable, so I thought I would get on without them this time. I was gone fifteen days and walked about 120 miles, visiting ten villages. The farthest I walked in one day was the day I came home, when I made nineteen and one-half miles.

"I have twenty-three day schools this year. More than half the pupils are from Christian families. One school has thirteen pupils and ten of them are women. One woman is sixty years old and one fifty-five. One of the day-school teachers wrote the other day that a woman came to church one Sunday and unbound her feet; another old woman came one Sunday and unbound her feet. Then, stranger than all, a deaf and dumb woman came to church and unbound her feet. In Seng long there are over twenty women and girls who have unbound their feet."

—If there are any among the readers of the HERALD who imagine for one moment that foreign missions do not pay, we would call their attention to a few lines just received from a missionary in Mexico: "Mexico is enjoying a spiritual triumph, but is only beginning a marvelous career. . . . The missionary and his wife, and the W. F. M. S. missionary, were contemplating a rest after the arduous toil of many months, during which there had been a blessed revival in the the church and schools; but they felt that those girls who had not yielded themselves to Christ ought to be in some way brought into the fold. So Mr. U. began to hold services. God's blessing rested on the effort all the time. Every night some new seeker was forward at the altar, for prayers. When the last night came three of the older girls, who had been holding back, accepted the invitation, and with a widow, who had been seeking for some time, surrendered to the last appeal and gave their hearts to Jesus. All was joy. The widow who had been for some days in a struggle, and whose face showed her anxiety, when the blessing came to her rose to her feet in ecstasy, and her countenance beamed with divine joy."

—The first legacy ever made to a Protestant church under the laws of Mexico was received this year, and the \$500 was used to fit up a kindergarten room in connection with the Girls' School in the City of Mexico.

—From Puebla Rev. W. Spencer writes: "A gentleman came to the ladies' school beside us, repeating his visit the second, and again the third, day. He examined the work done with great care. He asked so many questions as to excite surprise, but at the close of his visit he announced, 'I am the director of the State Normal School. I wish to tell you to take my daughters to educate them.' Our schools are truly a credit to the W. F. M. S. Many Epworth Leagues are well established."

—See women in India in our mission working to bring their sisters to Christ! See women in Turkey as George Hepworth describes them. As he traveled he says: "I began to feel that something had gone wrong. Life had suddenly become tasteless and insipid. What had happened? . . . When I went into our dining-room at Erzerum the problem was solved. I had not seen a woman's face since I left Constantinople. In America our lives are more or less influenced by the presence of women. No women in Turkey, i. e., none who are visible. . . . If Turkey could be persuaded to emancipate her women, . . . the moral and intellectual would be elevated in a twinkling." Aye, and Turkish women may, when that time comes, find, as their Hindustani sisters do, a holy joy in trying to elevate the women around them to a point and place where they will "see Jesus" and love to serve Him

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HEADSTRONG LITTLE GIRL

META E. B. THORNE.

"ONCE upon a time," began Grandma, as the children crowded close to her chair, pleading for a story. "Once upon a time there was a very headstrong little girl."

"O Grandma!" pouted Bertie, "I don't like that!"

"Don't like it, Bertie? How do you know? I think you never heard it before."

"Oh, I thought you was going to tell about me!" mumbled the little girl with a very red face.

"I am sorry if my little Bertha finds such a term fits her," and Grandma's kind arm folded Bertie close to her, while a loving kiss was imprinted on her cheek. Then Grandma began anew:—

"Once upon a time there was a very headstrong little girl. Like some others, she seemed to think that she ought to have her own way, whatever the consequences. And often those consequences were disastrous to others as well as herself, as the story I will tell you will show."

"Miss Middleton, her Sabbath-school teacher, had planned a pleasant little picnic party, just for her class. They were to take their lunch-baskets and go to the woods, some two miles up the river from the village, and gather the spring flowers which there grew most luxuriantly. Of course this little girl—whom we will call Laura because that was not her name—was filled with the utmost delight; nor do I wonder, for there are few spots more enchanting even in these days than those very woods, with the lovely Minnewasca flowing through them."

"To Laura's anxious inquiry if she could go, her mother readily assented, 'if it did not rain.'"

"How many anxious little hearts looked forward to that Wednesday. Alas! it was not a fine, sunshiny morning, but a gray, cloudy sky lowered down, depressing the spirits with its uncertainty. Laura swallowed a hasty breakfast and rushed to the gate, where she spent a weary hour in gazing up the street, hoping to catch sight of the rest of the party, who were to call for her, as she lived on the way to the woods."

"A score of times she rushed into the house with the eager question: 'Do you think it will rain, mamma?' And mamma, full of sympathy, would reply, 'I hope not, dear.'"

"Growing more and more impatient as the time passed and the others did not appear, Laura entreated: 'O mamma, may I not go and see if Ida is ready?'"

"Thinking this would seem to shorten the waiting time, her mother consented, answering the last earnest, 'You don't think it will rain, mamma, do you?' with a doubtful, 'Perhaps not, dear,' as she looked at a slight rift in the general grayness."

"Away flew Laura, to find Ida busily engaged with some fancy work."

"O Ida, whatever are you thinking

of? Put that work right away and get ready."

"Why, Laura, mother thought it looked so much like rain that Miss Middleton would probably give up the picnic; and she said I would forget my disappointment, perhaps, if I was busy."

"Oh, pahaw! It isn't going to rain. Mamma thinks it won't rain, and she knows! Let us go and call for Miss Middleton."

"Carried away by the determination of her much younger friend, Ida secured her mother's permission to accompany the little girl. Laura took pains to plan their route so as to pass the homes of several of their classmates, all of whom she urged to go with them with the same assurance that 'it could not possibly be going to rain, for her mamma thought it would not, and her mamma knew!'"

"More than half her class, therefore, composed the party which waited on the surprised teacher, who had long since given up all thought of any picnic that day."

"Why, girls, I thought it seemed so much like rain we would better wait till next week."

"O Miss Middleton, it isn't going to rain! Mamma said so, and she knows!" Laura had repeated this so often that by this time she fully believed it. "And besides, if we wait till next week all the violets will be gone, and there won't be any fun without them!"

"Poor Miss Middleton! Desirous of giving pleasure, she yielded to the child's insistence, much against her better judgment, and was soon ready to start, looking often apprehensively at the gray sky."

"Other members of the class were called for, who, finding the rest going, got ready to accompany them. More than one mother, however, as she saw them depart, murmured that 'Miss Middleton showed very little sense to take those girls traipsing out to the woods such a threatening day.'"

"No less surprised was Laura's mother, for, well as she knew her daughter's willfulness, she had not supposed her capable of influencing staid Miss Middleton against her own sense of what was prudent."

"Why, of course we are going, mamma! Miss Middleton? Oh, I guess she doesn't think it will rain. We saw some blue sky a bit ago." All this said breathless Laura, as she seized her lunch basket and hastened out to join her companions."

"You think it will not rain, Mrs. Carr?" called the teacher from the walk to her friend in the doorway gazing dubiously at the party of picnickers."

"Why—I—hope not," looking vainly about for the 'blue sky' her little daughter had mentioned. "But I feel very much in doubt," she murmured to herself as she returned to her morning routine."

"Her doubts were at an end when not long after noon a heavy shower came pattering down. Much anxiety thenceforth burdened her mind until the return of the drenched and bedraggled picnickers."

"They could scarcely be blamed for

regarding Laura with resentment as the cause of their discomfort and of the colds with which most of them as well as their teacher suffered. Laura herself, having very weak lungs, was ill for some time with lung fever, and during her long confinement to the house had ample opportunity to reflect upon the evil of insisting on her own way."

"Grandma," whispered Bertha, "Did you tell that story to show me how bad it is to be willful?"

"Perhaps—if you needed it, darling."

"Did Laura get over being headstrong?" asked Ruth.

"She certainly improved very much," was the smiling answer.

"I don't think Grandma told you," said Mrs. Mayne, who had come in during the telling of the story, "that that naughty, headstrong little girl was her own little Gertie?"

"You, mamma!" exclaimed both the children in a breath. "O mamma, it couldn't be you!"

"Why not?" queried the mother, half laughing at their vehemence.

"Why, because you are so good and patient! You never were headstrong!" and impulsive Bertie threw very loving little arms around mamma's neck. "I wish I could be like you!"

"I want you to be a great deal better than I am, darling. And I am glad if you realize your fault, so that you will strive more earnestly against it. I assure you, from bitter experience, that it is the source of many a serious trouble. Besides, it often leads to other sins, as you may notice in the story Grandma has been telling you. Willful people, in their efforts to carry their point often say what is not true—or at any rate, exaggerate—as I did when I said mamma did not think it would rain, when in my heart of hearts I knew better. So fight bravely against this fault, my dear; and you know there is a 'Greatheart' who will fight for you in every battle."

"I will try, mamma. And I will ask God to help me."

Poynette, Wis.

THE CRADLE SHIP

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers asleep!
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—
—for shores—slip past;
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,
So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a dolly drown;
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,
When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep
Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS, in *Watchman*.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson V

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1899

DANIEL 6: 10-23.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *The Lord is thy keeper.* — Psa. 121: 5.2. **DATE:** B. C. 539-538.3. **PLACE:** Babylon.

4. **CONNECTION:** Nebuchadnezzar's dynasty had passed away. The Medo-Persian empire under Cyrus controlled the world. Darius had been appointed viceroy or king over Babylon, and Daniel, now nearly 50 years of age, had been elevated by him to the premiership. He was designated as the first of the three "presidents" who were placed over the 120 "princes" of the provinces. This arrangement quickly provoked the jealousy of his Medo-Persian subordinates. They first sought to effect his degradation by studying out some fault in his official life — a fruitless search in the case of a statesman so wise and conscientious as Daniel. Next they sought to entrap him by bringing his religion into conflict with the law of the land. They knew his fidelity to "the law of his God." They were confident that he would surrender life itself rather than intermit his worship. And they knew, too, the immutability of a Medo-Persian edict. To array the one against the other they made use of the king's vanity. They sought an audience with Darius and informed him that the principal officers of the realm had agreed together to recommend the promulgation of a statute, that "whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions." The bait took. The flattered king was willing to be made "a god for thirty days." He signed the writing, and it became the law of the land.

5. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Dan. 6: 1-9. Tuesday — Dan. 6: 10-17. Wednesday — Dan. 6: 18-28. Thursday — Psalm 56. Friday — Acts 5: 25-32. Saturday — 2 Tim. 4: 1-8, 16-18. Sunday — Rev. 2: 1-10.

II Introductory

The conspirators kept watch on their victim. Daniel knew of their plot; but, without dismay, without swerving in the slightest, grandly faithful, he went to his room at the wonted hour, and his windows being open towards Jerusalem, bent his aged knees in prayer thrice in the day, and "gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime." Their plan had worked well. Daniel's fall is now sure. Nothing can save him. They again seek an audience with the king, and, too wary to bring a direct charge, at first, against the favorite minister, they remind Darius of the decree. On his assenting to it, they inform him that it has been broken — broken by Daniel; adding, with slanderous spite and with the malevolent purpose of making the charge as offensive as possible, "who regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day."

The king saw the trap too late. He saw that he had been befooled. Deeply chagrined, he set to work to save Daniel, if possible, without altering or reversing the statute. Till "the going down of the sun" he labored, but all in vain. The conspirators were in no haste. They allowed the king time; they knew that the net would hold — that no human wisdom or deliverance could save Daniel. At nightfall they came together again and respectfully reminded the king that the royal decree was irrevoc-

able. Baffled, and in despair, the monarch commanded that Daniel be summoned, and pronounced the formal sentence upon him. Still there was a gleam of hope. Darius knew, as well as the queen mother in Belshazzar's time, that there was in Daniel "an excellent spirit" and that he had been divinely helped in extraordinary emergencies in the past. He was powerless to rescue him, but he had faith that Daniel would not be forsaken, that the God whom he served continually would interpose and deliver him. So the venerable prophet and statesman was let down, helpless and unresisting, into the den of lions; and the mouth of the pit was closed, with a stone, and sealed with the king's signet and the signet of his lords.

The king, we are told, passed an abstinent and sleepless night. His usual solaces were rejected. No "instruments of music" were brought to him. But the conspiring princes, no doubt, rested well. Their villainy had been successful. The hated Jew, whose wisdom and fidelity had lifted him to a higher position than theirs, had been given to the lions as a prey. Their envy was now sated. They had no compunctions; everything had been done *legally*. Probably they had their banquet and congratulated themselves on their cleverness, and had their little jest at the king's weakness, and discussed who should have Daniel's place. It was their hour of triumph; but "the triumphing of the wicked is short." They did not trouble themselves to go to the lions' den in the morning. They were not such idiots as to suppose that hungry lions would make any discriminations, or that any power, human or divine, would shut their mouths. They were sleeping — their last sleep, though they so little suspected it — when their sleepless master stole forth from his palace in the early dawn. How their hearts would have quaked, could they have heard that voice from him whom they believed to be dead! What a dark morning to them — that morning of Daniel's resurrection and restoration!

III Expository

10. When Daniel knew that the writing was signed. — It is probable that he made no protest. He went into his house — with calm determination to perform his duty at whatever personal cost. His windows being open, etc. — R. V., "now his windows were open in his chamber towards Jerusalem." The "windows" were probably lattices. These western openings faced the never-to-be-forgotten city and temple. Kneeling upon his knees — the attitude of humility and devotion. Three times a day. — See Psalm 55: 17. He would not omit a single occasion, nor would he resort to secrecy. Gave thanks. — Thanksgiving and petition both found place in his devotions. As he did aforetime. — Prayer at fixed seasons was his habit.


11, 12. Then these men — these conspiring princes. Assembled — met together near Daniel's house to get the necessary proof to lay before the king. Found Daniel praying — R. V., "making petition." Spoke before the king, . . . Hast thou not signed a decree (R. V., "an interdict") — a formal introduction to the charge they were about to make. The thing is true — the formal reply. According to the law of the Medes and

Persians which altereth not. — This irrevocability, especially in the matter of a royal decree, is mentioned by Herodotus in the cases of Cambyses and Xerxes.

13, 14. That Daniel. — Their malice comes out in the terms they use. He is that captive Jew, not the widely-known premier. Regardeth not thee nor the decree (R. V., "interdict"). — He is both disloyal and disobedient; he violates the decree, and puts a personal affront on the majesty of the realm. The king . . . was sore displeased — angry and ashamed with himself for his folly. See Prov. 29: 23. Labored — exerted himself anxiously. Perhaps he conferred with his lords, or tried to evade or change the statute, or to discover some flaw in the evidence. To deliver him — R. V., "to rescue him."

15, 16. Then these men assembled — at nightfall. No respite was usually given in Oriental countries. The princes demanded judgment upon Daniel. Their craft appeared to be successful. Brought Daniel and cast him into the den — probably a pit, or possibly an underground structure with a horizontal opening in the flat roof through which the condemned was cast, and also a door at the side through which the beasts were admitted. Lions — the first mention in the Bible of this mode of capital punishment. Lions abounded in Babylon. The king was accustomed to hunt them, and captives were sometimes thrown to them. Thy God. — It is supposed that Daniel had often conversed with the king on the goodness and power of Jehovah. Will deliver thee — or, "May He deliver thee!" Sealed it — with lumps of clay bearing the royal signet. Signet of his lords — a final act of security. That the purpose might not be changed — R. V., "that nothing might be changed."

In all the narrative thus far no word of Daniel's is recorded. Whether he made a defence and indignantly exposed the malice of the princes, or calmly submitted to his fate without protest, we have no



Funda- mental

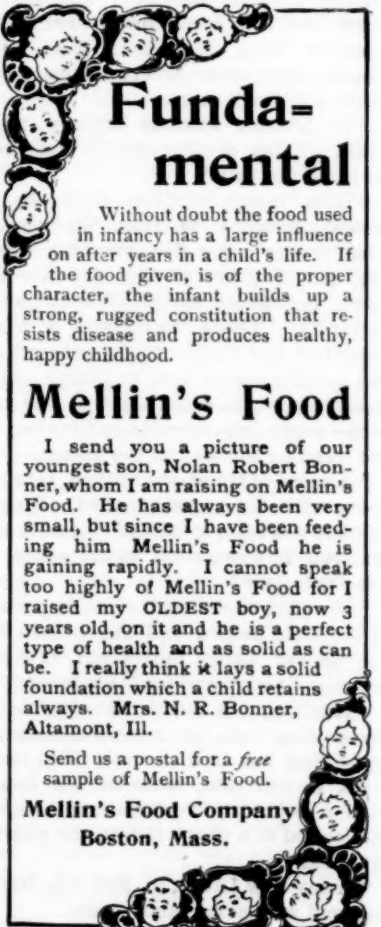
Without doubt the food used in infancy has a large influence on after years in a child's life. If the food given, is of the proper character, the infant builds up a strong, rugged constitution that resists disease and produces healthy, happy childhood.

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means of knowing. The king's solitude and emotion are portrayed, but not Daniel's. Even the confidence expressed by Darius in the final deliverance of the prophet, elicits no reply. It is as difficult to account for this remarkable silence, as it is to imagine what his feelings were to be punished for no crime; to exchange honor for disgrace, a palace for a den of lions, though conscious all the time of rectitude; to be let down, defenceless and alone, into this cage of furious beasts, and be torn limb from limb, for all he knew to the contrary. We do great injustice to Daniel to suppose him to have been elevated above human sensibilities, or to have possessed endowments of grace superior to those offered to ordinary mortals. He had prayer and faith, like the rest of us, and a rich personal experience; and the prophetic gift was granted on extraordinary occasions; but to suppose that he did not suffer keenly, and that his faith was not sorely tried, when he was exposed during that long night to that horrible danger, is to withdraw him entirely from human conditions, and to make the narrative of no helpful or spiritual significance to us (W. O. H.).

18-20. King . . . passed the night fasting. — Desire for food was taken away by grief and also by the reflection that he had only himself to blame for the loss of Daniel. Instruments of music — a frequent accompaniment to a royal meal. Others translate the word, "concubines" or "dancing girls." It is capable of either translation. Sleep went (R. V., "fled") from him — another mark of a troubled mind. Arose very early — literally, "in the dawning, in the glimmer of the morning" (Peloubet). Lamentable voice. — His tones betrayed his suspense and grief. Servant of the living God — not of a dead idol. The king had learned the difference probably from Daniel. Whom thou serveest continually. — On this quality the king lays stress (see verse 16). Daniel's religion had impressed him as not being transient and spasmodic, but steady and uniform. Able to deliver? — He had believed so, or hoped so, the day before, but doubt and fears had risen in the night.

21-23. Live for ever! — the usual Oriental salutation to a monarch, but uttered on this occasion with an emphasis of rare sincerity. My God hath sent his angel. — God employs angels, sometimes human, sometimes celestial, to accomplish His purposes. The angel in this case may, or may not, have been visible, but Daniel was assured of his presence and power. Shut the lions' mouths. — See Tim. 4:17; Heb. 11:33; 2 Pet. 2:9; Psa. 34:19. How the angel did it, "whether by the brightness of his presence, or threatening them with his finger (Num. 22:27, 33), or by making a rumble among them like that of an empty cart upon the stones, or by presenting unto them a light fire, or by causing in them a satiety," does not appear, nor is it important. Innocency. — That is now abundantly vindicated. No manner of hurt . . . because he believed. — He held "faith and a good conscience;" therefore he was "kept by the power of God through faith."

The fate to which his accusers condemned Daniel, they themselves, with their children and wives (for a man's family were reckoned a part of himself in the eyes of Orientals), suffered. They were hung to the lions, and having no "innocency," or faith, or "angel" to shield them, fell a quick prey to their fury. The God of Daniel was proclaimed throughout the kingdom as the true God, and the faith of one man was thus made the means of leading multitudes to the knowledge of the great Jehovah.

IV Illustrative

1. How often has Daniel's faithfulness to his prayers confirmed the solitary protest, not only in the Flavian amphitheatre, but in the more ordinary, yet not more easy, task of maintaining the rights of conscience against arbitrary power or invidious insult! How many an independent patriot, or unpopular reformer, has been nerved by them to resist the unreasonable commands of king or priest! How many a little boy at school has been strengthened by them for the effort, when he has knelt down by the bedside for the first

time to say his prayers in the presence of indifferent or scoffing companions (Stanley).

2. We may suppose Daniel to have had a sweet sense of the presence of his God by His angel, while spending the night in the den with those hungry lions. There they were, their savage nature and clamorous appetites held in firm subjection, and God's own hand in it visibly present to his eye, and consciously to his inmost soul. That was a night of mingled prayer and praise. Is it not safe for all men to trust God in the path of known duty, though it lead into a lion's den? Nay, is it not more than safe — even gloriously blessed — to live so near to God, and to see His angels present in such forms of power and glory for the protection of His trusting people? Who would not welcome such an experience as that of Daniel, and rejoice to make it his own? (Cowles.)

Christian Science

WE hear more than usual in these days about Christian Science. More cases of its failures to cure get into the papers. Its professors appear more often before the coroner than has been customary. It is getting a great deal of advertising, and not very helpful advertising, either.

Publicity ought to be a sufficient cure for all that is dangerous in Christian Science. Martyrdom is not what the Christian Scientists are after. Far from it. Some are after money, but far more have taken Christian Science up because it seems to promise, like early rising, to make them healthy and wise. If its failures and dangers are as fully advertised as its claims and promises, the rest ought to take care of itself.

An astute male person who went to the recent Christian Science round-up in Boston has published in the *Evening Post* his bland but amusing impressions of what he saw. He quotes in his discourse this paragraph from the editorial page of the *Christian Science Monthly*: —

"*Christian Science Spoons.* — On each of these most beautiful spoons is a motto in bas-relief that every person on earth needs to hold in thought. Mother requests that Christian Scientists shall not ask to be informed what this motto is, but each Scientist shall purchase at least one spoon, and those who can afford it, one dozen spoons, that their families may read this motto at every meal, and their guests be made partakers of its simple truth.

"MARY BAKER G. EDDY."

"Mother" deserves her success. The sun does not shine unimproved on her bay-field. There is a school of Christian Scientists, by the way, who do not revere her, and are not offended by the suggestion of a close resemblance between her and the late Lydia Pinkham. It has been asserted that the real inventor of her system was a man named Quimby, who was lowly-minded and had no business enterprise, but practiced without hire. — *Harper's Weekly*.

Imitations of "Uneeda" Biscuit

An injunction, which applies to all the numerous imitations of "Uneeda" Biscuit, has just been granted by the United States Circuit Court, for the Southern District of New York, against the use of the trade-mark "Iwanta" which was applied to a biscuit which the Court decided to be an infringement upon the trade-mark "Uneeda," the biscuit made so widely known by newspaper advertising.

In his opinion, Judge Lacombe remarks that the case is too plain to waste many words over. That "Uneeda" as applied to biscuit, is a proper trade-mark, and that complainant is entitled to its exclusive use in that connection, is hardly disputed.

There are, as usual, a number of minor differences between the forms and the dress of the two packages, but no one can look at both packages without perceiving that there are strong resemblances which could easily have been avoided.

Preliminary injunction was granted against the use of the trade name "Iwanta" and of the present style of package. Also against all similar imitations of the "Uneeda" name and package.

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OUR BOOK TABLE

Sermons, Biographical and Miscellaneous. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Master of Balliol College. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, M. A., Dean of Ripon. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.

Those accustomed to read after this prince of Christian scholars will give this volume a hearty and affectionate welcome; for with his profound scholarship there is a loyalty to truth and a freedom of utterance which is indeed refreshing. The biographical sermons show the range of his reading and his purpose to do exact justice to every character presented. Here is the list of his selections: "John Wycliffe," "Ignatius Loyola," "John Bunyan and Benedict Spinoza," "Richard Baxter," "Blaise Pascal," "John Wesley," "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley," "Canon Hugh Pearson," "Gambetta and Archbishop Tait," "Professor Henry Smith," "Professor T. H. Green." Among the eight miscellaneous sermons appear: "Statistics and Faith," "The Church, Past, Present and Future," "War," "Courage." Jowett reminds the critical reader of Frederick Robertson, of Brighton. His chief value lies in his loyalty to truth and in his remarkable suggestiveness. We advise ministers especially to secure this volume and make it the subject of critical and prayerful study.

Puerto Rico: Its Conditions and Possibilities. By William Dinwiddie. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

Under the direction of Harper & Brothers, Mr. Dinwiddie spent the two months immediately following the evacuation of Puerto Rico by the Spanish constantly in touch with the leading importers, manufacturers, shopkeepers, real estate owners, lawyers and politicians, both Spanish and native, and he has embodied in this work the ideas expressed by them, modified by his own judgment of the condition and capabilities of the country. He gives in the clearest manner a comprehensive idea of the industrial, commercial, political and social conditions in the place today in comparison with those of the past. He sets before us in a most serviceable manner the present state of coffee, tobacco, sugar and fruit culture, with statements as to the best methods and expense of conducting such plantations. The cost of living and the price of labor in all branches of industry are given in detail, also a full discussion as to the advisability of investing American capital in railroads, tramways, plantations, or manufacturing. The author seems to think that, for the American who has plenty of capital, Puerto Rico will bring in good returns, but it should be avoided by the man of small means.

For any one desiring information of any kind about this tropical island, either with the purpose of going into business there, or merely wishing to travel through the country, this book will be invaluable, as it is in every respect a standard work on the subject.

Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts. Edited by Hon. James Howe. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$2.

The author of these charming memoirs was born in 1757, and lived to be ninety-four years of age. In her early life she was much alone, and while very young began to write both prose and verse. It was the custom in that century for women in high society to write for a pastime, but it was considered a loss of caste to rush into print. Indeed, Lady Louisa strongly objected to having any of her writings published, for fear that her peace of mind would be disturbed by the criticisms of the press. One can only wonder if other ladies of that time had the habit of writing such pleasing memoirs; if so, what a wealth of material for romances is held by the old halls of England! Lady Louisa writes in a thoroughly interesting

style, and her stories of life read like a novel. The book has an added value from the fact that it contains her correspondence with Sir Walter Scott and Lady Lockhart.

The Changeling. By Sir Walter Besant. Frederick A. Stokes Company: New York.

This author's writings always contain a deep problem, either moral or physical. In this book a baby boy, the son of a poor woman deserted by her husband, an actor, is bought by a lady evidently moving in the best society. The only clue the doctor through whom the bargain is made has, is part of a torn envelope with an initial on it and the date of the child's birth. Twenty-four years after, all the actors in this drama are brought together in London—the boy with his putative mother, a famous social leader, philanthropist and writer; the real mother, who has divorced her first husband and married an American millionaire; and the doctor, who is the connecting link between the two women. The special fad of this doctor is heredity, and here he had a fine case for his study, the highest mental and moral influences having no appreciable effect upon the character of the boy transplanted from the slums into the highest society in London. He has developed into a selfish, heartless cad, with the worst traits of both father and mother. How the mother, consumed by remorse for having parted from her child, finds him and then resigns him to his high social position, makes very interesting reading.

Sea Drift. Poems by Grace Ellery Channing. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The poems in this dainty volume are of exalted merit. The author is a real poet in the true significance of that term. Here is no stilted rhyming, no artificial versifying. The themes are grand, the thought spiritual and soulful, and the language the natural vehicle for the thought. This poet, like the genuine singer, dares to grapple with the mysterious and unrevealed. She is the poet of love, pity, charity. God is her Father, with all of a father's compassion for his erring children. 'Tis sweet to be taken up into the largeness and divineness of her faith, hope and love. The following poem is characteristic, and perhaps best illustrates her thought and style:—

JUDGMENT

A dead Soul lay in the light of day.
Desperate, wan, it had passed;
Oft foiled, it had toiled on its upward way
Till it perished, spent, aghast,
After a thousand defeats the prey
Of its conquering sin at last.

Said a stranger: "Lo! how in shame and woe
Is Satan's seal ever set!"
Laughed a foe: "Doth the carrion lie so low?
Death and a coward well met."
Said a friend: "His strength was great, I know,
But his weakness was stronger yet."

Moaned his love unwept: "Peace to the dead;
And as God shall forgive—let be!"
But an Angel spread o'er the prostrate head
His wings in humility;
As he gazed: "Be praised, Great God," he said,
"For a glorious victory!"

Swift Decadence of Sunday. What Next? By Abram Herbert Lewis, D. D., Author of "Biblical Teachings Concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday," "A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church," etc. The American Sabbath Tract Society: Plainfield, N. J. Price, \$1.

This book enters a new field in a timely manner. It is beyond question that regard for Sunday is rapidly passing away. This book presents testimony since the year 1882, from all the leading Protestant denominations. The testimony is arranged denominationally in chapters; Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics are represented. One remarkable feature of the situation is set forth in chapters six, seven and eight, which shows that Christians charge the responsibility for this decay of regard

for Sunday upon each other. Whatever may be the causes and however complicated the influences that have produced the present situation, no one who is at all interested in the Sunday question, religiously or otherwise, can fail to be interested in this book.

The Living Age. Vol. 221. April-June, 1899. The Living Age Co.: Boston.

No reader of this compilation of what is best in our periodical literature escapes a feeling of regret at the transient appearance of its weekly issues. They are too valuable to be thrown aside, and yet they come so rapidly and are dressed so frailly in paper covers, that it seems idle to try to preserve them. This regret is relieved by these trimonthly volumes bound neatly in black cloth. The *Living Age* needs no commendation to our readers.

The Problem of Human Suffering. Looked at from the Standpoint of a Christian. By Vernon C. Harrington. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago and New York.

The author, in trying to grasp this inexplicable enigma, is frank enough to say in his preface: "There is no problem which perplexes Christian people so much as the problem of human suffering. We cannot help asking, 'If God loves us, why do we suffer so?' I am persuaded that there is nothing which shakes the faith of so many in the eternal Fatherhood. I have been thinking upon this problem a long time, and have written down some thoughts which

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have been of great help to me. My only excuse for having these put in print is the hope that they may help some one else." The book will certainly comfort those who are in the crucible of suffering. It is Scriptural, sympathetic and practical.

A Study in Current Social Theories. By Rev. William A. Quayle, D. D. Curtis & Jennings: Cincinnati. Price, 25 cents.

This pamphlet of 52 pages contains a discussion of the subject in question delivered before the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting in Kansas City, and published at the earnest request of those who heard it. Dr. Quayle ably discusses Nihilism, Communism, Paternalism, and Christian Individualism.

Plala Papers on the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. By Rev. G. I. Scofield, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago. Price, 35 cents.

Dr. Scofield as an exegete, and by his own spiritual experience, is prepared to write clearly, forcefully, and very suggestively and helpfully upon his subject. We unhesitatingly commend the book. Ministers will find it of very great value. He treats the subject under the following heads: "The Holy Spirit is a Divine Person;" "The Holy Spirit Before and Since Pentecost;" "The Filling with the Holy Spirit;" "The Filling with the Holy Spirit is Indispensable."

The Common Sense of Bible Salvation. By M. D. Collins. Christian Standard Co., Philadelphia.

This booklet in the compass of seventy pages treats the subject of full salvation, sanctification or holiness, with simple and luminous statement. The book will commend itself especially to that well-known class of Christians who are so strongly predisposed to read along these lines.

Magazines

— The *North American Review* for July opens with a fine poem, occupying nearly five pages, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, on "A Channel Passage, 1855." "Ex Oriente Lux! A Plea for a Russo-American Understanding," by Vladimir Holmstrom, with an introduction by Prince Oskhtomsky, will attract general attention. "Americanism, True and False," by Rev. William Barry, D. D., deals with the subject known as "Heckerism." Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer answers the criticism on "Our Public Schools." An "Officer of the Army of Occupation" writes upon "The Logic of Our Position in Cuba," and General Miles contributes the third paper on "The War with Spain." (*North American Review*: New York.)

— The *National Geographic Magazine* for July contains an interesting table of contents. The excellent map in this number is of "The Region Adjacent to the Nicaragua Canal Route." There are interesting papers on "The Wellman Polar Expedition," "Explorations in Alaska," and "Meteorology in the Philippines." (*National Geographic Society*: Washington, D. C.)

— Of course one always turns to "The Lounger's" pages in the *Critic* for interesting, informational literary chat. The table of contents in the July issue includes:

HYDROCELE AND RUPTURE

Can be CURED without the knife or pain, by a regular physician of 30 years' experience. For FULL information send 10 cents for sealed book (in plain envelope) on Rupture Hydrocele and Varicocele. Also gives the Doctor's name, location, and Office Hours. He is highly indorsed. The treatment is a great comfort. Terms for treatment reasonable. Send for his book as above. No charge for professional interview. Address lock box 2315, Boston Mass.

THIS CARD APPEARS EVERY OTHER WEEK.

"William Morris: Poet, Novelist, Artist, Socialist," "The Late Francisque Sarcy," "The Author of 'David Harum,'" "John W. Alexander: Portrait Painter, Decorator, Illustrator," "Thackeray's Contributions to 'Punch,'" "The Chances of New Writers." It is a capital number. (*The Critic Co.*: New York.)

— "A Modern Ghost Club" is the title of the clever picture given as a frontispiece in the July *Bookman*. The "Chronicle and Comment" department is embellished with portraits of Hilaire Belloc, Richard Holt Hutton, John Blair, Richard V. Rileys, Eden Philpotts, "Ralph Connor," and Justin McCarthy. The second paper about "Thomas Hardy's Country" appears this month, illustrated by scenes from the Wessex novels from copyright photographs taken expressly for this series. Adolphe Cohn writes appreciatively of Francisque Sarcy. There is a portrait of Edwin Markham, whose poem, "The Man with the Hoe," suddenly made him famous. The book reviews are very interesting reading. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*: New York.)

— In *Cassell's Magazine* for July is begun a new serial story by Guy Boothby, entitled, "A Maker of Nations." A biographical sketch of "Sardou: the Man and the Dramatist," is given by Tighe Hopkins. "Mont Blanc with Parasols" is the curiosity-awakening title of Edward H. Cooper's illustrated paper. "The Next Day's Dinner" is the first instalment in the series under the inclusive subject, "London Night by Night," written by B. Fletcher Robinson. "A Kodak in the Clouds" shows how the earth looks from a balloon. Raymond Blathway takes us a journey "On the Rivers of the East," and Frank Banfield tells "About Lighthouses." There are several complete stories this month. (*Cassell & Company, Limited*: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

Literary Notes

— Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel is said to deal with Italian secret societies, and to bear the title of "The Anarchists."

— The title of Mr. Peter Dunne's new volume, to be published by Small, Maynard & Co. in September, will be "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen."

— Within three weeks of its publication 20,000 copies of "Richard Carvel" have been sold. Mr. Winston Churchill's book is now in its sixth edition.

— Readers of "David Harum," says *Littell*, who number a good many thousand by this time, will be glad to hear that the author left the manuscript of another story, called "The Teller," which the Lippincotts will publish.

— Edwin Markham's book, "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," is already selling in the thousands. The publishers, the Doubleday & McClure Co., of New York, announce that the first edition was exhausted the first week. Copies of the first edition are now at a premium.

— The new fifteen-volume edition of Kipling is not to be issued by any one firm, but jointly by his authorized publishers, D. Appleton & Co., the Century Co., and the Doubleday & McClure Co., unless the union of the last-named with the Harpers makes some difference. The book department of the H. B. Claflin Co. is to market it.

— Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, who met with such success in her first novel, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is an English woman and the daughter of the Right Honorable Sir Henry Fowler, ex-Secretary of State for India. Miss Fowler has published, besides her two novels, several volumes of verse, the first in 1891, and

her sister, Edith Henrietta Fowler, has written two books for children.

— The *Bookman* states: "Over ten thousand copies of Beatrice Harraden's new novel, 'The Fowler,' had been sold by the Messrs. Blackwood in England by the middle of May, and a large new edition since then has been published. Miss Harraden's work is also meeting with a wide appreciation in this country. It is curious to notice that a great many reviewers miss the point of the story altogether, and fail thereby to give the book its true rating as an attempt at fictional psychology."

— Some citizens who have read Dr. James M. King's book entitled, "Facing the Twentieth Century," wrote the author, saying that they were convinced that the book ought to be in the hands of the men who make the laws of the land; and these citizens have recently furnished the money to present a copy of the book in the best morocco binding to the President of the United States, the Vice President, members of the Cabinet, and to all United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives, making, all told, about 500. These same gentlemen have notified the author that they are now considering the question of placing the book in all the libraries in the United States.

— Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will shortly publish the only authorized edition of the early novels of Henry Seton Merriman. It will include "The Phantom Future," "Young Mistley," "Prisoners and Captives," and "Suspense." These have been revised, condensed, and in part rewritten by Mr. Merriman, and are to be brought out with his authorization, as he feels aggrieved that some of these books have been recently reprinted in this country, and so announced and advertised that the general public has supposed them to be his latest writings, instead of his less mature work.

— Rev. Theodore L. Caylor, D. D., refers thus interestingly to "David Harum," in the last *Evangelist*: "I am too busy a man to read works of fiction; but I confess that I have got some honest mirth out of 'David Harum'—which that unique Syracuse genius, the late Edward N. Westcott, wrote a short time before his death. He was not spared to listen to the trumpet of his own fame. As I was reared in that 'lake country,' of Central New York, in which the scene of this bright story is laid, I can testify to the accuracy of its peculiar Yankee dialect. That phrase 'moseying along,' is as indigenous as maple sugar in Vermont. There was a man on the shore of the Cayuga Lake in the days of my boyhood whose dialect was after Mr. Westcott's precise pattern. When speaking of a stuttering neighbor he said, 'I'm ailers oneasy to hear that old man speak in meetin'; he's got sich an antipathy in his speech.' Another neighbor of ours who had many of the shrewd characteristics of David Harum once said to me in regard to a sleepy-looking justice of the peace, 'That man's eyes looks ailers as if they had been sof on.' As a piece of fresh and honest character-painting Mr. Westcott's book equals anything since Mrs. Stowe. It is strange that its author remained unknown until he was fifty years old!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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THE ITINERANT PREACHER

"Here we have no continuing city." — HEB. 13: 14.

REV. CHARLES A. CRANE, D. D.
Pastor Saratoga St. Church, Boston.

[Conference Sermon, preached before the 103d session of the New England Conference in Tremont St. Church, Boston, April 13, 1899.]

NEITHER years nor books have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice rooted in me when a boy, that a Methodist preacher is the elect of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country and the happiest of men. "There is a modern English picture which the genius of Hawthorne might have inspired. The painter calls it, 'How They Met Themselves.' A man and a woman, haggard and weary, wandering lost in a sombre wood, suddenly encounter the shadowy figures of a youth and maid. Some mysterious fascination fixes the gaze and stills the hearts of the wanderers, as they gradually recognize themselves as once they were, the soft bloom of youth upon their cheeks, the dewy light of hope in their trusting eyes, exulting confidence in their springing step, themselves blithe and radiant with the glory of the dawn."

Today we meet ourselves. After the struggle with the world we come back to face each other, to tell of victories and defeats, to catch again the contagion of that holy enthusiasm which inspired us to begin this work and which has strengthened us to bring it to its present stage. The memories of Conferences gone cluster about us in rich profusion, and with clamorous tongues those memories tell of our beardless and unwrinkled faces, which glowed with the dreams and hopes of youth, as we were mustered into this itinerant army of the Lord. Happy are we, brethren, whatever may have been achieved, whatever left undone, if returning to our annual meeting we bring with us the illimitable hope, the unchilled resolution, the inextinguishable faith of those first days.

Here, in the presence of these men who hold my destiny in their hands, I yearly find the greenest spots of life. No ties of secret brotherhood are like the sliken cords that bind Methodist preachers together in the traveling family of pilgrims who have here no continuing city. To what other class of men, be they bound by oaths never so strong, could you so cordially deliver up your homes, your character and life? And yet how freely, how cheerfully do we make this surrender. Instead of making slaves of us it makes us free and enables us to

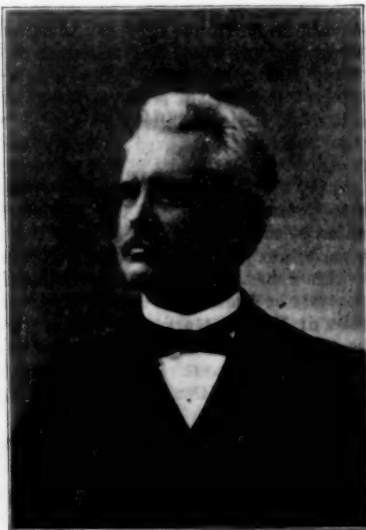
"Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, our native place."

These men seem to be a part of me and I a part of them. The brotherhood of the ministry, the fellowship of these tried men, the unity of spirit and the bond of peace which binds us together, combine to make the Annual Conference a love-feast, an inspiration, and an incalculable benefit to my soul.

Nowhere else are the fires of patriotism more fervent than in the mingling with these men, who, though holy, are not too good to denounce demagogues, unwell political rascality, and everywhere champion the cause of public morals. He is the most practical politician who shows his fellow citizens, as the wise old sailor told his shipmates, that "God somehow fixed the world so that a man can afford to do about right." Take from the country today these consecrated men, who are condemned as sentimental and romantic, and you would take from the army its general, from the ship its compass, and from national action its moral mainspring. It is not the demagogue, nor the shouting rabble; it is the people heeding

the word of the preacher and the lessons of experience who secure the welfare of the American republic and enlarge human liberty.

Brethren, I know that this country is not



REV. CHARLES A. CRANE, D. D.

Rev. Charles A. Crane, D. D., was born in Quincy, Ill., son of James L. and Elizabeth Mayo Crane. His father was for more than thirty years a member of the Illinois Conference and was chaplain of the 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry during the time Grant was its colonel. In 1868 Grant appointed him postmaster at Springfield, Ill., which office he held for eight years.

In this office the subject of this sketch received a business education after going through the public schools of the city. During the latter years in the postoffice he studied Greek and the Evidences of the Christian Religion preparatory to a term in Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, which school he entered in 1876, remaining nearly three years. He there met Dr. Raymond, who more than all other instructors molded his mind and affected his life. With him he went through Raymond's Theology before that work was completely published. He returned to the Illinois Conference, taking the poorest appointment in that Conference at that time — the Milledown circuit — and here learned some of the most valuable lessons in the life of an itinerant. He served a number of appointments in that Conference, the last being First Church, Danville, of which he was pastor for five years, leaving that charge and Conference to go to First Church, Colorado Springs, where he labored until May, 1897, and was then transferred by Bishop Fowler to the Saratoga St. Church, Boston, of which he is now pastor.

He has a brother, Rev. Frank Crane, D. D., who is pastor of Trinity Church, Chicago, and who is widely known throughout the West for his literary work both in current literature and on the lecture platform. Another brother is J. Mayo Crane, one of the editors of the Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Crane's pastorate at Saratoga St. has been remarkably successful. As a preacher he has the eager attention of the people at large, and there are constant accessions to the membership of the church. The financial condition of the society is also greatly improved, an embarrassing indebtedness upon the church having just been raised without going before the public.

When Dr. Crane had finished preaching the sermon which we this week publish, the feelings of the large audience found vent in a remarkable outburst of sacred song, one hymn after another being taken up by the congregation and sung with most affecting enthusiasm. It was the normal and fitting expression by the people of the profound impression which had been made upon them.

Plato's republic, nor Harrington's Oceana, nor Tom Moore's Utopia, it is the United States of America. But, despite the fact that majorities are often overthrown by political

machinery and Sunday-school statesmanship is sneered at, yet if the American Christian does not carry the election today he determines the policy of tomorrow. The preacher has been abroad in the land. Calm, patient, confident, heroic, in our busy material life, the preacher perpetually vindicates the truth that the things unseen are eternal. And in these days when the world is well drunken with the wine of material prosperity, the cry of the prophet must be heard more clearly than ever. The preaching of place-hunters, time-servers, nest-makers, and lovers of ease must of necessity be feeble piping or a soft uncertain song. He alone can preach the majestic Gospel who has the majesties of the unseen within him, whose heart is fixed on things above, who has here no continuing city. And familiarity with history shows that such men, unselfish and serene of faith, have molded this world into its finest shapes. Despite the loud professions of the worshippers at the shrine of the "almighty dollar," the strength of wealth and the power of all material resource shrink and shrivel in the presence of the unseen. Polycarp, standing before the proconsul in the theatre at Smyrna, being commanded for the sake of his own gray hairs to blaspheme Christ, replied, "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He never did me wrong." Uncounted millions of the followers of this same Christ cherish the same spirit, willing for the same end that came to Polycarp. Are such men mercenaries? Can money buy such heroism? Why, sirs, the greatest miracle of all time is the unseen power of Christianity! It was this that made the perfect Christ spotless, without stain or blemish, and it is this that makes the progress of the Gospel possible. In its birth it had arrayed against it "the majesty of a mighty people, the plenitude of imperial power, the swords of thirty legions, the immemorial awe and splendor of Jewish ceremonial, the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

"Tell me how the slaves, the fishermen, the artisans got the start of the majestic world and bore the palm alone."

"Is the world so silly, its best intellect so anile, is the genius of humanity so wretched a fool, as to be duped by a mere fraud and delusion preached by wanderers and beggars?"

The wit of Lucien, the sneers of Celsus (duplicated in these days and put upon shallow minds as new), the logic of Porphyry, the satire of Julian, and the wealth of royal treasures were all alike unable to stand before the triumphant progress of the preaching of those ancient saints who declared that here they had no continuing city.

It is not for us to blow the trumpets telling our own fame. It seems fitting, however, that I remind you Methodist preachers of the business in which we are engaged, and to

Cook Can't Spoil

Grape-Nuts Need No Cooking and the Flavor is Assured

People want food that has a palatable, toothsome taste, and one that will recall a pleasant taste whenever the name is mentioned. That feature is a strong one in Grape-Nuts, the new breakfast food, made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

No cooking is required, hence the taste is not dependent upon the cook, but is just what the makers intended it to be.

It is often served cold and dry with a bit of rich cream in part of the saucer.

If one wants a hot dish, a little hot milk can be poured over some Grape-Nuts and there you are, a most fetching dish, furnishing the high nutritive value of grape-sugar.

Grape-Nuts sold by grocers.

urge upon you to keep your eyes fixed upon that city whose builder and maker is God. The world cannot understand us fully, for the springs of our activity and hope are hidden from the vulgar eye. Our vows are upon us, we are to seek the things above and have here no continuing city. To the idler, the glutton, the dissolute, the mere money-maker, our works appear to be the struggles of those who beat the air. Every noble or necessary work, all self-denial, evokes a mushroom crowd of epigrams expressing the wit of selfishness and greed. "Millionaires in criticism, paupers in charity" must be allowed to sneer. But the spirit of Jesus Christ, our only Master, compels us to give our lives to the world for its salvation.

The times are crying aloud for unselfish men—men who breathe the love and brotherhood and helpfulness of Jesus Christ. Men of this spirit have made the past luminous with their labors and prayers, and in such men alone is to be found the salvation of the time that now is, and of the time to come.

This spirit of self-denial and help has touched almost every sad condition of the past and bettered it. It is the veritable spirit and the re-incarnation of Christ. We once owned slaves. He came through holy men and whispered "Brothers," and after awhile, though Lincoln and John Brown and countless thousands laid down their lives, the shackles fell off and human slavery slunk away from the face of Christian peoples. We killed off children by the slow torture of hard labor. Their ghosts looked out of the factory windows and we heard One say: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and child labor was abolished. We made woman for centuries a more excellent beast. But the Master's spirit caused us to put her upon a throne and build a temple for her which to this day we call Home. We were wont to count labor a commodity only. But the Spirit whispered "Brothers," and the hours of work were reduced from sixteen to twelve, from twelve to eight, for now we see manhood, as well as merchandise and wages, in our fellow-men. We glorified war. Our literature, our imagination, our laws and history were infected with war. "Brothers" again was the refrain sung by invisible choirs, and so courts were made to take the place of blood and the battle-axe. And to-day the world grows glad at the spectacle of

its two greatest nations arbitrating instead of fighting, and these two nations, speaking the same Anglo-Saxon tongue, are destined by Almighty God to carry to the corners of the earth this same triumphant and beneficent spirit of Jesus Christ.

As true religion thus affects the economic affairs of the world, so also does it lead and illuminate in the realm of politics, using that term in its broader sense. Greene, the English historian, tells how John Wesley, going about preaching righteousness and true religion, wrought a moral sense in the English people without which all the splendid achievements of Pitt had been impossible. The one strong, substantial ground on which the great English statesman stood when he appealed to the people was their moral sense. Their courage, patriotism and honor never failed him. Thus he in one war under Clive drove the French from India, making that great empire of more than 200,000,000 forever Protestant; and in the same way he broke the power of the French at Quebec by the sword of Wolfe, thus driving the French from power on the Western continent, making the greatest Protestant nation of the world possible. The moral sanity brought about by the revivals of Wesley was the foundation on which the two great Protestant nations, Great Britain and the United States, were securely built.

Our own country wonderfully illustrates the beneficent effects of revivals of religion upon the national life and destiny. The tremendous moral strains we have endured would have ruined us had we not just prior to these great national trials girded up our loins, tightened our moral grip, and toned up the national conscience by means of great general revivals of evangelical religion.

Perhaps the most generative or creative years in our national history were from the opening of the French wars (1793) to the close of the Revolution (1793). It is a matter of vast concern to keep in mind the fact that immediately preceding these momentous years the great awakening in New England took place under Whitefield and Edwards in 1740. Sunday, Oct. 12, 1740, George Whitefield preached yonder on the Common. He says: "I went with the Governor in his coach to the Common, where I preached to nearly 30,000 people—a sight perhaps never before seen in America. . . . I exhorted that whether I was present or absent, they might strive together with one heart and one mind for the faith of the Gospel." The people were for the first time agitated by one thought and swayed by one impulse. Up and down the colonies the itinerants went, moving everywhere in triumph. The Puritan of New England, Dutch New York, German Pennsylvania, the Covenanters and the Huguenots were woven together by these mighty men of God moving back and forth like living shuttles. Thus they were made one people, moved by one mind and having a common conscience. Nothing but the power of enlightened conscience could have enabled our heroic fathers to endure the stress and strain of those generative and dangerous days.

And as the morals of the people were toned up to stand the perils of those days, so too, in 1857, when we were threatened with civil war, the whole people were moved religiously, "and thus prepared to perform for themselves and for mankind the sternest of all political tasks that have been imposed in this century upon any civilized people." It has been common with some to say that preachers follow and do not make public opinion. This is pre-eminently false concerning the Itinerant. Before the silver trumpet of Wendell Phillips, or the alarm bell of Garrison, or the wild cry of old John Brown was heard, the Methodist itinerants fought most valiantly over the slavery question. Away back in 1841—nearly seventeen years before the

country went to arms to save the Union—the Methodist Church divided on the matter of slavery. Long before Lincoln declared that the country could not endure half free and half slave, the Methodist Church had demonstrated his doctrine by separating on the same issue—slavery.

The late George Barrett, once a noted preacher of the Illinois Conference and somewhat of a wag, was riding in a passenger train a few years before the war of the Rebellion. When the conductor approached

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him, Barrett arose and whispered in his ear: "Don't you pass conductors?"

"Certainly," replied the conductor. "What road are you on?"

"I am a conductor on the underground railroad."

He was passed, for the trainman himself was one of that mysterious company who in antebellum days helped fleeing slaves from Kentucky and Missouri through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio to the free flag of Britain which waved across the Canadian border.

And when the war came on, almost every Methodist preacher in the North turned to exhorting his fellow-citizens to enlist, and this work became so widely successful that Lincoln publicly declared that the nation was under obligations to the preachers for the work they had done in securing recruits and in enlisting themselves.

And what shall I say of the war now on between the home and the church on one side and the saloon on the other? Have you forgotten the John Brown of this conflict who was shot like a dog in the streets of Sioux City—the immortal Methodist preacher, Haddock? Recall that scene of infamy and shame as pictured by Frank Crane:—

"It was so cowardly. As dastard deed
As e'er was done in all this wicked world:
His only crime what once was thought to be
The chief adornment of a citizen—
Zeal to enforce the sovereign people's will;
The only aggravation, his unstained
And upright life, that shines against the black
And sordid record of his murderers
Like virgin snow upon the fetid muck.
And yet hand joins in hand, the giant guild
Of Satan's pet profession hastes to save
These sons of Cain!"

"O Sodom city!
Do but go downward there a short half-mile,
Through the thin beer-soaked crust of earth
Thou'lt find
The camp and equipage of hell's headquarters."

Brethren, this is but the gray of dawn. The day is yet to come. The spirit of Jesus is the only power which can face and solve the enormous and complicated problems of the present and the future. Sociology, economics, politics, the land, liquor and labor questions are all to be settled by the spirit of brotherhood and the Golden Rule, or anarchy and the restrained power of the people stripped and peeled by a wicked industrial system will burst in disaster compared with which the French Revolution will be but a dress parade.

The people in the past found a way to overthrow kinglycraft, and they were sufficient in expedient and power to unsaddle priestcraft, and they will find a way to redress the economic and industrial evils which afflict the present. In this struggle the church may lead, preaching justice instead of almsgiving, equity in place of patronage, the Golden Rule instead of greed, and Jesus Christ with His self-giving spirit rather than Mammon, whose distinguishing characteristic is "to get."

No church deserves to live whose mouth is closed where destitution is in the midst of abundance, and where whining, growling poverty falls like a slave at the feet of those made rich by industrial wrongs. Woe unto the church which has lost the power to "reprove, rebuke and warn with all long suffering" the mighty and the rich.

I do not rail at riches; but against a system of government and commerce which gives riches power to rule in state and college and church, I do protest in the name of Jesus Christ.

In these great conflicts "seekers after gain," whether in pulpit or pew, can do no genuine work for the people and their Christ. Self-seeking and the spirit of Christ are like the serpent and the woman's heel—at eternal enmity. Only those whose eyes are fixed

on high can see clearly in these confusing mists. The unselfish is the safe man.

The office and the work of a Methodist preacher peculiarly adapt him to these mighty deeds. If he will he may perform them. On the mere plane of temporal economy we are better off than any other company in the army of the Lord. By our system we have: (1) A pulpit for every preacher, and a preacher for every pulpit. No empty pulpits. No idle preachers waiting to be hired. Every preacher in the effective ranks is guaranteed a pastorate. (2) A change of pastors with friction reduced to the minimum. (3) Place hunters naturally gravitate to other denominations where easy and luxurious settled pastorates are found. A preacher who doesn't want to be on the march falls out and settles. (4) A plan which, with all its defects, judged by results, is the best ever known in the history of the church. There may be better plans, but they are not in operation to any large extent. We grow far more rapidly than any other church. Even the Roman Church, with its vast additions through immigration, does not keep pace with us. With little more than one hundred and thirty years of labor in America, we have now more than twelve million members and adherents. No parallel to this appears in history. And our distinguishing feature, aside from our workable theology, is our itinerancy, which is to be credited with this great work.

But these and like considerations are but the temporalities, "for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Let not our temporalities keep our eternal at a distance. The temporals are the scabbard, the eternal is the sword. Things seen are transitory, ephemeral, shadows all that pass away. "The durable and strong, the real continent, the solid landing place, is beyond."

Christ made the temporalities redolent of His eternity and so must we. The art of seeing consists not in fixing the gaze on things, but in looking through and beyond them, seeing thus the very thoughts of God. Even if we would remain in these temporal

things, God's providence pushes us on, forever unsettling us. "Sometimes He does it by taking us out of the world, and sometimes by taking the world out of us." Even the man given to the love of the world finds it soon slipping through his fingers like water though he grasp it never so desperately. Can you study astronomy without looking up? Can the eternal and majestic of God be held in your mind and heart, and your face be turned from above? Shall the sights of your journey forever keep your thoughts from the home to which you hasten? Who can make a nest here that will abide? We confess that we are strangers and pilgrims, who seek a city whose builder and maker is God, and a country unvexed by evil.

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest."

There may be shadows in our work, but never any darkness. A world using scales, and yardsticks, and bushels, and surveyor's chains affects to pity us. Sometimes the contagion attacks us, and we sigh what Bishop Asbury used to shout:—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness."

Look at the shadows as the world counts shadows and you will see that they but increase the light.

1. We are almost always among strangers. The itinerancy permits us to hold one charge but five years at most. The majority of Methodist preachers move on before the time limit expires. Thus lasting friendships are either impossible or painful. In the new charge multitudes of the people cluster around and friendships are formed in the face of the knowledge of the fact that we can tarry but a night or two. By all the sweetness and power and comfort of friendship, by the fellowship of kindred spirits and the best companionship of a

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few choice minds we find here and there, by so much at least we feel ourselves bereft. If old friends continue, and they do, it must be after we have been sent to other fields, where we long for their presence to heal the wounds made in other battles, and it must be combined with the knowledge that in this warfare there is no discharge.

2. The itinerant has no home. "A local habitation and a name" are essential parts of what men call home. In the memory of your childhood is fixed a certain spot, splendid or humble it matters not, which you were wont to call your home. The orchard, the old well, the dusty road on the hillside,

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made,"

the barn and the musty smell of hay, the blue-grass and the meek-eyed cows, the old porch and the honeysuckles—oh, how the picture swarms with the people and the memories of the past! They were all a part of home.

I appreciate most highly, nor in any wise despise, home-building. The saving of the dimes to make the walls grow up. The building of the house. The hearthstone, the babbling children, the blessed mother,

"Whose modest looks the cottage did adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,"

and over all a sense of settled security in which the unuttered prayer goes up to God,

"Here let me spend my days, and die at home at last."

But for my children there shall be no such memories. The house in which we live is not our own, nor can we fix it to suit ourselves, for another soldier in the same army must tarry here when we shall have moved on, and him I must not forget. My taste for flowers, pictures, and grounds, for dens and nooks in the house wherein seclusive hours may find seclusion, must be held back or turned toward those flowers which bloom forever and to grounds and groves celestial. And so, too, when death comes in and takes away our best, their bodies lie among strangers, and in the course of years we can look back to a line of graves drawn through different charges where we have laid away our little ones. We may not even gather our dead together into one field and call it "home for the bairns." And thus a trail of grief you home folks snug and secure in your resting-places can little understand, follows the preacher as he goes on declaring that he seeks a city.

3. And always before the Methodist preacher stands the spectre of superannuation—the time when he shall be worn out. This ghost lurks and waits for him in every sickness and stands with grim assurance to meet him when he steps across the dead line. Paid barely enough to enable him to live comfortably during his active years, he looks forward to the time when his meagre income shall stop and he shall be left to shiver on the cold charity of the penurious offerings of a church most lamentably quick to forget its benefactors and rich enough to pension all its old soldiers in honorable comfort. I confess, brethren, that I want to die before the day of my superannuation. I envy the beloved and sainted Brodbeck in his leave-taking. Flushed with victory, and full of life and labors, God took him before the chill of grumbling charity blighted the flowers of hope which filled his life. To think of old men shivering in shame, too proud to let their poverty be known, hungry and meanly clothed, praying for death; men whose words once stirred the church and turned multitudes to God—to think of such men and a church of twelve million adherents in this country alone, prosperous and fat, is enough to stir the fires of holy indignation and make us cry aloud, "O Lord, how long?" A nation which will not pension

the men who gave their lives to protect it deserves to be hissed from the page of history. A church which will permit to go hungry and beg the men who made its prosperity possible and actual, deserves the execration of honorable men everywhere and will surely get it. O brethren, whatever we forget, let us hold fast the memory of the men who planted the fields where our rich harvests grow. We shall know no honor until we have made our fathers in Israel safe from want and the shame of poverty made doubly painful by the abounding wealth of the church.

THE CONFERENCES

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Northport Camp-meeting.—This gathering will be held this year Aug. 19-28, and will be the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting Association. An interesting program has been prepared, details of which may be found in the notice of the meeting on page 929.

Bangor District

Fort Fairfield.—The removal of Rev. E. V. Allen from this charge caused much sadness, but the appointment of Rev. R. A. Colpitts gives universal satisfaction. Congregations are increasing and all lines of work improving. The church edifice is undergoing quite extensive repairs. The interior is frescoed, and new pews and a new carpet will take place of the old. At the quarterly conference the salary was advanced, and all seemed happy and hopeful. We feel sure this will be a great year for our church at the Fort.

Harmony and Athens.—We feel pleased with the outlook of this charge for the present year. Rev. M. S. Preble takes up the work of the third year with vigor, and it now looks as though this would be the best yet. There are many discouraging features here, but the pastor does not seem to recognize discouragements, but is ever hopeful and hard at it. We trust Harmony and Athens will yet "bud and blossom."

Houlton.—The "forward movement" is prominent here. Since Conference the church has

been painted at a cost of about \$200, which sum is assumed by the Epworth League. Now the Ladies' Society puts down a new carpet, which will cost nearly \$200 more, and the pastor, Rev. D. B. Phelan, is looking after improvements upon the parsonage. When these things are complete, in appearance and convenience this church property will be among the best. The pastor's salary was advanced at the quarterly conference, and all goes well.

Hodgdon and Linneus.—Rev. Wilson Lermont and family are a happy fit here. Everybody seems pleased, while the pastor and family are delighted. An advance in the salary was unanimously voted. The congregations are constantly increasing, and we are looking for a good year for church and pastor.

Kingman and Prentiss.—The pastor, Rev. C. E. Stetson, has been obliged to move since Conference, which causes the people to feel that a parsonage must be purchased, where the pastor's family will feel secure. A good interest is manifested, and the pastor is much beloved. A good and loyal people and a happy and prosperous year go well together.

Limestone.—Rev. M. T. Anderson, on account of failing health, felt compelled to retire from the active ministry for a year, and moved to the home of his wife's mother at Limestone. As no place was obtainable for a pastor to live, his services were procured for the Sabbath while the people set themselves to building a parsonage on the church lot. The pastor is drawing large congregations, and all speak highly of his sermons. The other departments are prospering, for the people have a mind to work. The parsonage and stable are up and boarded. Limestone is growing and prosperous, and our church seems to have a happy future before it.

Lincoln.—Lincoln, we believe, is coming to the front. Slow may be its moving ability, but yet it moves. The pastor, Rev. C. H. Jonhonnott, is patient, but persistent, and is bound to succeed. The church edifice is transformed into a beauty, and its situation is delightful. In honor of their esteemed father, who for many years was a member of this church and the leader of the choir, Dr. Jewell and other members of the family residing in Bangor have presented the church with a fine pulpit Bible, which is highly appreciated and which we regard a very com-



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mendable act. We wish others would do likewise.

Monticello and Littleton.—We are delighted when we consider the prospects of this charge. The pastor, Rev. E. V. Allen, has entered upon a most glorious work in a most glorious manner. He has completed the canvass of the entire town, praying in nearly or quite every house, and exhorting the people to renew their consecration to God or seek their soul's salvation. We look for great results. The people are greatly pleased.

Monson, Mission.—An evening spent with this godly pastor and people, was, as usual, much enjoyed. The business prospects are somewhat improved and the people are hopeful.

Pittsfield and Palmyra.—The work goes steadily on here, and the charge is prospering. The pastor, Rev. A. E. Luce, was welcomed back for the second year, and all is harmony. Two have been baptized and six received into full membership since Conference. Palmyra is really taking on new life.

Patten.—The church has met with a great loss in the death of W. B. Mitchell, a beloved member for many years. The funeral was largely attended on Sunday, June 11. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Hamilton, assisted by Presiding Elder Boynton. The workmen fall, but the work goes on. The Epworth League, Junior League, Sunday-school, and all other work, prosper.

Easton.—The pastor, Rev. J. W. Hatch, is settled in the new parsonage, which is being put into first-class order by this enterprising people. The Ministerial Association and Epworth League convention held their meeting here, June 26-28. The weather was nearly perfect. There was a large attendance of ministers. Well prepared and able were sermons and essays, and the discussion of the various topics was spirited and interesting. The house was crowded evenings, although the attendance was small by day on account of the very busy season, the great potato fields demanding the attention of the farmers. The last evening we were favored by the presence of Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bangor, who delivered an eloquent and inspiring lecture to the young people. The meeting was pronounced by the brethren the best they ever attended. Almost phenomenal prosperity is reported on this charge.

Mapleton.—An exceedingly interesting and impressive memorial service was held in the church, Sunday evening, June 25. Rev. M. H. Sippelle, who died April 24, and who for two years had been enjoying his second pastorate with this people, was the subject. More than three hundred persons were in the church, while many were unable to gain admission. Rev. E. O. Smith, of Washburn, read the Scriptures, prayed and spoke most feelingly of his knowledge of him. Deacon Dow spoke tenderly of him from the standpoint of the sister denomination. Rev. C. W. Wallace, the pastor, read a carefully prepared biographical sketch of his life, and Presiding Elder Boynton gave a brief address. The decorations were fine, and the music appropriate and excellent. The upturned and tearful eyes plainly showed the love felt for this godly man, and we believe a strong desire was begotten in all hearts to die the death of the righteous. Great prosperity prevails on this charge. The salary has been advanced. E. H. B.

Bucksport District

Calais, First Church.—July 9 was observed as Children's Day by a sermon by the pastor in the morning from Psa. 148: 12-13. In the evening the

Sunday-school, under the efficient management of Miss Carrie Clark of the primary department, gave an excellent concert. The church was tastefully decorated, and filled with an appreciative audience. A collection of \$5 was taken for the Children's Fund, and \$48.50 given for Sunday-school books. Rev. M. F. Bridgman, the pastor, has been very kindly received on this charge, and is loyally seconded by the official board. He is hopeful and happy.

Rockland District

China.—Rev. Frank H. Jones, who by special request of the people has been assigned to supply this charge, is making a favorable impression, and church affairs are moving pleasantly. Mr. Jones is able and earnest, and his former large experience in evangelistic work has given him a practical knowledge of how to preach plain gospel truth so as to reach souls. A three o'clock afternoon service is well attended and well conducted. Children's Day was a success, with exercises by the Sunday-school children, fine special singing by the choir, and a very helpful address by the pastor to the children.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Cornish.—The new pastor, Rev. T. C. Chapman, reports a very cordial reception. The parsonage has been renovated. The most encouraging fact is that a Junior League of twenty members has been organized, which will be conducted by the pastor as a "children's class."

Kezar Falls.—Rev. J. H. Bounds has surprised the good people of this town by raising the money to thoroughly repair the church. Any one familiar with the dingy walls would hardly recognize the beautiful audience-room. Paint and paper, most tastefully applied, have worked a transformation. The people are justly proud of the work done. Money has come in freely and at least \$300 will be expended. The attendance at the Epworth League meeting and the Sunday-school has largely increased. Pastor and people have good courage. A large audience, overflowing the church, enjoyed a children's concert on Sabbath evening, July 2, which would have done credit to any city church. The singing and speaking were of a very high order. The singing of the pastor's wife is highly appreciated.

Portland, West End.—On Friday evening, July 7, a very interesting service was held. Three persons were received into full membership by letter and three from probation. Three were also taken on probation, and one baptized. The Lord's Supper was administered. This church is steadily growing under the efficient pastorate of Rev. H. E. Dunnack.

Maryland Ridge.—The Crusaders spent a month on this charge. Meetings were well attended and there were several very clear conversions. Others made a start, and under the watchful care of the faithful pastor, Rev. D. Nelson, will doubtless become useful members of the church. Some much-needed repairs have been made upon the parsonage.

Ogunquit.—Rev. G. D. Stanley is working hard with some hopes of success. The people are discouraged by the frequent changes in pastors. There is great need of a Methodist church in this place. Very few members are left, and the only hope is to build anew by a gracious revival that will bring in some of the hundreds who attend church nowhere.

Chestnut St., Portland.—The primary school is to be provided with enlarged room at an expense of about \$2,500. The growth of this department of the Sunday-school has demanded this improvement for some time. Most of the expense is met by one generous friend. E. O. T.

Augusta District

Winthrop.—The summer session of the Ministerial Association was held here, June 26-28, and had an unusually large attendance. Those present pronounced it one of the most interesting ever held on the district. Rev. F. C. Norcross is winning his way not only with the people of our own church but also with the people of the whole community.

Livermore and Hartford.—Rev. C. W. Dane and wife have been greeted very cordially by the peo-

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ple here. With a large field to cover and numerous services both Sundays and week-days, the pastor is a very busy man. The pastor's wife is proving herself a most successful helper in church work.

Kingfield, Salem and Eustis.—This is a very large charge and long distances must be traveled in reaching the different churches. Rev. F. H. Billington has entered upon his first year here and is taking hold of the work with zeal. At Kingfield pastor and people are encouraged by an increasing interest in the church. A Sunday-school has been organized here. Mrs. Billington, soon after arriving on the charge and before they were able to get into the parsonage, was sick for several weeks, threatened with pneumonia. The people are showing their appreciation of the pastor and his wife in many ways.

Hallowell.—We have been much interested in examining the Year Book and Directory of the Methodist Church of Hallowell, Me., kindly sent by our old Conference friend, Rev. D. E. Miller. There is much of historic interest connected with this charge. Melville B. Cox, the first missionary of our church to Africa, was born in Hallowell. In 1808 the first class was formed in the then village. It was called "Hallowell Hook" class. Elisha Robinson, of Augusta, was appointed leader. It is recorded of this leader and his wife that they came regularly to class from Augusta seated on a sleek horse—he astride, and she on a pillion; he dressed in his broad-brimmed hat and straight-bodied coat with standing collar; she in her plain Quaker bonnet without ornament, and wrapped in a plain, fringed shawl. Judge H. K. Baker, born Dec. 2, 1806, is a member of this church, and has led a very active and useful life. He has for many years been the treasurer of Hallowell Savings Bank. He joined

Dessert

FOR TO-DAY

Lemon Jelly made with Keystone Silver White Gelatine.

Recipe for this and many other delicious desserts in every box.

If your grocer can not supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.

1 MICHIGAN CANNON WORKS
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

the Hallowell Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, when Dr. D. B. Randall was pastor.

Independence Day.—At quite a number of places on the district, the Fourth was observed in accordance with the recommendation of the Annual Conference, by holding picnics and having addresses which emphasized the need of a high Christian citizenship and independence from King Alcohol. In many of our churches, sermons of the same character were preached on the Sabbath preceding the Fourth.

C. F. P.

Lewiston District

Conway Centre.—Pastor Baker arranged a service that was something new—a summer watch-night service from 8 to 12 on July 3. Sermons were preached by Rev. C. A. Terhune and the presiding elder. These were of a patriotic character. There were also a love-feast, consecration service, etc. During the intermission refreshments were served. The service was pronounced a success.

Fryeburg and Stow.—Rev. E. F. Doughty and wife are very happy in their work here. The people are equally pleased. The salary is paid up to date, congregations are good, and the outlook very hopeful.

Baldwin and Hiram.—Rev. E. T. Barentzen is having a hopeful opening of his pastorate. He has made nearly 200 calls; is planning a revision of the church records; has arranged for special services in July; has had twenty-six in attendance at class-meeting at one time; is looking faithfully after the benevolences; and a few have presented themselves as seekers. A lecture by the presiding elder in aid of the finances at Hiram was well attended. The pastor has secured eleven new subscribers for ZION'S HERALD. All things considered, this is a remarkable showing.

Lewiston, Park St.—Congregations are large, the social meetings have much of the old-time enthusiasm, the finances are well in hand, and the work is well systematized. A very fine choir furnish inspiring music. Rev. C. A. Southard has spent a few days in his native town—St. Albans. His wife is making a more prolonged stay.

Lewiston, Hammond St.—Rev. H. C. Wilson is, by the help of God, largely building a new church here. He has a great following of fine young and middle-aged people, with a small sprinkling of veterans. The financial obligations are a heavy burden at present, but the church has a future. Several conversions and accessions have recently encouraged the heart of the pastor.

Auburn.—Things are moving steadily and strongly here. We dropped into a mid-week social service, and the attendance, promptness, and spiritual tone were an inspiration. Rev. C. S. Cummings is experimenting with the hope of improving the class-meeting and the Epworth League service. The pastor's salary is paid up to date. He has made more than 200 calls. The history of this church for a term of years is one of pluck, sacrifice, and push. If it could be fully written up it would be an inspiration to many a struggling church and discouraged minister.

Lisbon.—Rev. H. L. Williams and wife are a host in themselves in church work. They have the backing of strong men and women. Things are moving well. The pastor, with his family, will spend a part of his vacation among friends in Castine.

Children's Day services have been generally held with the usual interest and success.

Several of our pastors have recently preached special sermons to various fraternities.

Religious services have been established on Sunday at Merrymeeting Park, a new and popular summer resort near Brunswick and Bath, on the line of the new electric road. I am sure that the most optimistic cannot regard this movement as any great force for the evangelization of the people.

A. S. L.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Grasmere is doing good work for the salvation of men. One has been recently received into the church by letter and one on probation. The financial situation is healthy and the people heartily approve the action of the quarterly

conference in increasing the claim of the pastor fifty dollars over last year.

At **Goffstown**, also, the diligent work of the same pastor is appreciated—one has lately been baptized, three received on probation, one from probation, and two by letter. This is one of the very few societies from which lay delegates went to the Epworth League Convention at Hillsboro Bridge.

Pastor Deane at **Hinsdale** is filled with confidence concerning that charge. The work done by this pastor and people since the middle of April is wonderful—a steel ceiling, twelve memorial windows, a peal of bells, new vestibule and entrance to auditorium, and “the funds to pay for this whole work all assured,” says the pastor. During all this work for materialities there has not failed to be corresponding emphasis put on the spiritual work, fruit-bearing being recognized as the normal expression of spiritual life.

G. W. N.

Concord District

Bristol.—The will of the late David Mason bequeaths \$1,000 to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the interest to be used towards paying the yearly expenses of the church.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Newport makes a good advance on the pastor's claim and on the HERALD list as well. The two nearly always advance together. The benevolences and all finances are in a healthy condition here. The pastor and his family are enjoying a splendid outing at Willoughby Lake, but all the work of the charge is kept up. The pastor takes his vacation later among his Canadian friends.

Holland and Morgan.—The work here is prosperous. The people speak very appreciatively of their young pastor and his wife. Both are away for a little at their old home in Ontario. Rev. J. E. Farrow preached for the congregations Sunday, July 9, and gave his illustrated lecture on the Passion Play Monday evening at Morgan.

Barton.—Pastor Douglass was away the 9th, being called to Fayston, one of his old charges to attend a funeral. Rev. E. L. Alexander, of Glover, took his morning service, and the League the evening. The work flourishes here.

Camp-meeting at **Lyndonville** opens Aug. 21, preceded by a summer school of one week, under the direction of an efficient committee who are working to make it a first-class opportunity for students, teachers and League workers.

The interest in Sunday-school and League work all over the district is on the increase, and some reports are most encouraging.

Derby is moving to reseat the audience-room and otherwise improve the church building. The presiding elder found most cordial greeting and a good hearing there despite the darkness and storm of Sunday evening the 9th.

Craftsbury grants an extended vacation to its

pastor, thus giving him an opportunity to visit his old home and friends near Baltimore. The presiding elder takes his work one Sunday.

St. Johnsbury Centre.—The work opens favorably. Congregations and social services improve. Two children were recently baptized and four persons received by letter.

At **East Lyndon**, where Rev. S. Donaldson is also pastor, 2 adults were baptized, 1 received by letter, and 2 on probation. The Seminary apportionment was raised and a good collection taken for the Children's Fund.

Children's Day was duly observed at both points with a program of excellent grade. Pastor Donaldson also supplies Kerby Congregational Church, near East Lyndon.

Quite extensive repairs are projected on the church at the Centre so as to give a League room on the same floor as the audience-room. Some \$300 to \$500 will be needed for this work. The work here promises well under the hand of a wise and veteran worker.

J. O. S.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Cottage City.—One day here last week the ocean was like a sapphire, the lawns were like emeralds, and the sky was like burnished pearl. I write with the eye and the hand of a lover, but without a bit of prejudice. The earth, and the sea, and the atmosphere, are in league to make the place entrancing. If any of your readers had been at the last meeting of the non-resident tax-payers, and had heard the scientific description of the salubrity and healthfulness of the place, they would, if possible, hurry hither. An unusual number of temporary residents are here this season. Many of them are in cottages—more than common. The attractions of the place are all safe and good. There is ample chance for out-door sports; there are frequent excursions to points of unusual interest; there are concerts by a fine band every evening; the bathing privileges are unique, as the temperature of the water is from 66 to 77 degrees almost constantly. This year the management of the Methodist camp-meeting have prepared a special list of intellectual and social attractions, among which are a lecture by Ramon Reyes Lala, a native Filipino, a graduate of Oxford, and now a naturalized American citizen. This is July 19. July 26 there is to be a lecture by Miss Annie S. Peck, the celebrated lady mountain climber, on “The Ascent of the Matterhorn;” and on four evenings in August the biograph and cartoon entertainments by Blackton and Smith. Those who saw these productions last year will be glad of their reproduction. An additional attraction is in the fact that the contract for the stone jetties outside of Lake Anthony are given out, the opening of the channel into the Lake is soon to be made, the Lake will be dredged thoroughly, and this will give a fine harbor for light draught yachts and boats, and will do away with the necessity for seeking a harbor at some other point on the coast. A State appropriation of

A WIDE CHOICE

Some furniture is like coffee—the blending is badly done. This is often seen in a Hall Stand. The design will be over-developed on the utilitarian side and underdone artistically. It will be all hooks and no grace. Or it will be a space-saver at the cost of real convenience.

We feel that in giving you a choice from over 160 different designs we go far towards insuring you the pattern that best fits your needs. And remember that these are all the new patterns of this year.

This makes no account of the other important fact—that they are all sold at Canal Street prices, which saves you nearly a quarter of your purchase money.



PAINE FURNITURE CO.

RUGS, DRAPERIES and FURNITURE

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\$20,000 is available for this work. Great hope is expressed of a large attendance at the coming camp-meeting, and prayer is daily offered that the gathering may be especially stimulating on spiritual lines. W. T. WORTH.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Boston, People's Temple.—The first quarterly conference was held July 10, and the reports from the various departments were very encouraging. The pastor already has presented two of the regular benevolences and the returns show an advance over last year. Rev. L. H. Dorchester's salary was voted at \$2,600, and parsonage \$1,000, making a total of \$3,600. A committee was raised to make a thorough revision of the church membership lists, and the work of pruning is already begun. Various plans are projected, seeking a solution of the financial and other problems of People's Temple, and every effort will be made to put the church on a solid and satisfactory basis.

Boston, Stanton Ave.—This church is conducting a series of grove meetings during the summer months. They are largely attended and promise much good. The people also are at present much interested in the purchase of a fine new organ which will further beautify the church and help the worship. The annual Sunday-school picnic at Franklin Park was shared by the Eggleston Square, and St. Andrew's churches and was the most enjoyable for many years. The pastor, Rev. C. H. Stackpole, is preaching to large and increasing audiences. W.

Worcester, Trinity.—As usual, a great success was scored at the Sunday-school picnic on the Fourth. The people to the number of eight hundred and more sought the shades of Sterling, and all said the day was delightful. John Chinaman went along and threw in one of his performances in the way of a fire-cracker display, that no "Melican man" can imitate. Millions of the Chinese product were suspended from a tree and then touched off to the unspeakable delight of the small boy and his parents. At the recent meeting, in Boston, of the First General Conference District Junior Epworth Leaguers, no less than three representatives from this church had a part—Misses A. Gertrude Brooks, Ruth E. Caldwell, and Mrs. Lucie F. Harrison.

Grace.—On Sunday preceding the Fourth, Dr. Brady gave the address—a patriotic one—before the Y. M. C. A.

Park Ave.—A lawn party, June 30, helped towards paying for a new church carpet.

Laurel St.—The Sunday-school went with Trinity to Sterling on the Fourth. The Fernald family are missed, all the members having gone down to Maine to Mr. Fernald's old home in Kittery. Pastor Paine is contemplating a fishing trip to the wilds of Maine for his August vacation; Mrs. Paine will go to her girlhood's home in Ashland. The Junior League gave a midsummer entertainment in the vestry on the 6th inst.

Sterling.—The attendance or living of Worcester people at the camp-ground is larger than ever. It is expected that the record will beat all predecessors. Among the great speakers will be Dwight L. Moody. If more of his gifts and spirit could only be grafted on or into the Christian tree, how umbrageous we might become!

Personal.—"Bishop" Alonzo Sanderson, with the American Bible Society, has been giving the *Daily Telegram* of this city a copy of Nelson's new Teacher's Bible. Our ever alert superin-

tendent is constantly looking out for new fields, but not even his closest friends had the least suspicion that he would ever tackle the *Telegram*. Apparently he knows where his efforts will do the most good. QUIS.

W. F. M. S.—The third quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. was held in the Union Church, Nahant, July 12. The success of this midsummer gathering was assured by the prospect of a perfect day of sunshine and cool breezes. When all the delegations had arrived by train and boat and barge, the seating capacity of the pretty church was taxed to accommodate the two hundred and fifty or more ladies and gentlemen who were present. A cordial welcome was extended by the pastor, Mr. McKinney, and the ladies of the church.

The report of Mrs. Alderman, corresponding secretary, was filled with good news from the different workers, and names of many new applicants were mentioned, as also candidates who were soon to be sent out. The home secretary and the secretary of Children's Work gave encouraging reports. The treasurer reported \$23,245.35 received, and \$14,801.52 paid in expenses and remittances, leaving a balance of \$8,443.83. Receipts for the Lucy A. Alderman Memorial are \$3,194.77.

The address of the afternoon was given by Miss Isabella Thoburn, of Lucknow, India. As she stood before us in her gray deaconess garb, with her peaceful, inspiring presence, we could not realize that her life for the past thirty years had been spent among the trying scenes of mission work in India. She said that her object in coming home was that she might be successful in gaining a portion of the funds of the Twentieth Century Thank Offering for missionary work, and especially for the Woman's College in Lucknow, of which she is the principal. The earnest attention which was given this most instructive and convincing story of the work and its needs showed the love and veneration in which we hold this our first missionary to the foreign field.

At the evening session, held in the interest of the young people, Miss Clara M. Cushman was the speaker. She alluded with touching earnestness to the appalling practice of foot-binding which Christianity is overcoming in a wonderful degree, and she also made an especial plea for medical workers for China. She was followed by Miss Thoburn, who gave a sketch of Rev. W. A. Mansell, in whom the Nahant people were and are still greatly interested.

The delightful out-of-door lunches, drives and walks enjoyed between the three sessions of the meeting were a large feature in a day of social and inspiring intercourse, one long to be remembered.

W. H. M. S.—The third quarterly meeting of the New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society, held in Temple St. Church, Boston, was very profitable and interesting. Rev. Franklin Hamilton conducted the devotional exercises in the morning and cordially welcomed the organization to the hospitality of the church. The reports from the secretaries of the various districts and departments were encouraging and showed faithful work on their part. Supplies had been sent South and West to the amount of \$894.26. The good work at the Immigrant Home, East Boston, is going grandly on—22 steamers had been met during the quarter, 207 had been cared for at the Home, 793 lodgings furnished and 2,606 meals provided. The work at the Medical Mission is also prospering and a large number of people are being treated by the physicians. Miss Organ, the nurse, gave a most interesting account of her work in connection with the Mission. Mrs. C. M. Melden, of Atlanta, Ga., gave a vivid description of the work done in Clark University and at Thayer Home. Miss Russell from Browning Home gave a stirring account of plantation work in that section of the South. She spoke of the great sacrifices the colored people are making to build a little church, and of the large attendance at the Sabbath-school held in the unfinished building; also of the beneficial influence the school is exercising in the community. The solos so beautifully rendered by Mrs. George Atwood and Miss Miss Sadie Allen added greatly to the enjoyment of those present. Resolutions of thanks were presented to the ladies of the church for the bountiful lunch and to all who had contributed to the pleasure and profit of the convention. MRS. JOHN GALBRAITH, Rec. Sec.

Springfield District

Springfield District Preachers' Meeting.—On June 26 the last session before vacation was held, with an interesting talk by Rev. Joseph Scott on "The Minister's Vacation: Why and What?" He held that while a lazy minister would need no vacation, one who did his whole duty certainly does need one, and would do well to take it, if he can, where he will be to the greatest possible degree free from all care. Personally, he favored a trip into the far backwoods of Maine. The next session will be held on September 11, when Rev. W. T. Hale will present a paper entitled, "Bismark: A Character Sketch."

Connecticut Valley Chautauqua Assembly, Laurel Park.—This summer school is now in session, July 11-21. The list of lecturers includes Drs. P. S. Henson, Jesse L. Gilbert, T. De Witt Talmage and Russell H. Conwell. There is the usual long list of musical and other attractions. We are not informed of the attendance, but the Assembly certainly offers an excellent opportunity to combine recreation and instruction.

Laurel Park Camp-meeting will be held Aug. 21-28. The presiding elder has issued neat advertisements to be hung in the vestries and vestibules of our churches, and in other ways has bestirred himself betimes to arouse interest. There ought to be a good attendance, and great good accomplished.

South Hadley Falls.—"The charge shows every sign of life"—so says the presiding elder. Rev. John Mason, the pastor, is a man who attends to business instead of to advertising himself, and the natural result is as above stated.

Barnardston and Gill.—Rev. L. I. Holway, the pastor, has received a cordial welcome and the people are hopeful.

Monson.—The long stagnation in the business of the town has affected the finances of the church somewhat; but pastor and people are mutually happy in their relation, and it is hoped to manage the money part of the church work without trouble. In almost any place a gracious revival would solve financial difficulties.

Southbridge.—The year opens well. While the appointment of the present pastor was not in exact accord with the expected arrangement, the people are exceedingly well pleased with it and reckon it providential.


Brookfield.—Rev. C. W. Delano is on his first year as a preacher in charge. The year opens hopefully.

Warren.—The assignment of Rev. A. L. Howe as preacher in charge, at the recent Conference, is satisfactory both to preacher and people.

South and West Worthington.—Rev. G. R. Moody, a local preacher who has been employed in East Maine Conference, has begun work here and has been cordially received. The salary is kept at the same point as last year, and the people are talking of building a parsonage to replace the one burned some months ago.

Feeding Hills.—Plans are approved for a new church at this place. If the contract can be

The Tale of One City.
Of 40 prominent dentists of Hartford, Conn., all but five have endorsed the
**Prophylactic
Tooth Brush**



SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Carved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. These mean much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Children's (3 sizes) 25c. By mail or at dealers'. Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."
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Cancers Cured

The Absorption Process is a conceded success. Scarcely a failure in sixteen years. No Knife. No Caustic. No Blood. No Pain. Write

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for particulars and references. For cancer of the breast, if not broken out, treatment can be sent.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders
Are Without a Rival.
ANNUAL SALES OVER 6,000,000 BOXES.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

placed within the necessary financial limits the building will proceed at once.

Williamsburg.—The work is progressing very well indeed under the direction of the faithful pastor, Rev. H. H. Weyant, and his capable wife.

Chicopee Centre.—The newly appointed pastor, Rev. O. W. Scott, is seeking by faithful pastoral ministrations and by direct, evangelistic preaching to secure a deepening of religious life and earnestness. Mr. Scott had charge of the Junior League Day at the Chautauqua Assembly, Laurel Park, July 13. He also has a prominent assignment at the great International League Convention in Indianapolis.

Springfield, Trinity.—Accessions almost every month is the record for a considerable time past. Rev. A. C. Skinner, pastor.

Swedish Church.—Our Swedish society has recently been incorporated. An effort to secure funds for building a house of worship and a parsonage has begun. Some money has already been subscribed, and Pastor Paulson will be very grateful for any financial help. The enterprise is worthy, and duly sanctioned by proper authorities.

Epworth League Assembly

The Cambridge District Epworth League have decided to hold an Epworth League Assembly at Sterling Camp-ground, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18 and 19. To a good many Leaguers of the Cambridge and Boston Districts no description of the place would be necessary, for it has been for years a spot of interest and beauty to them. It is usual to spend one day there each summer, but never before have such large plans been made to interest, entertain and instruct the young people of the church. Special inducements in the list of speakers on the program. In the railroad rates, and in the prices at the restaurant, are worthy of more than the passing attention of our young people who are looking around for a pleasant place to spend a little vacation. In a business way it will give the best returns for the smallest outlay of any place we can think of visiting. We name only a few of those who have promised to help us: Rev. G. F. Eaton, D. D.; Rev. Luther Freeman, Portland; Rev. E. P. Herrick, Leominster; Rev. G. H. Spencer, Newton Centre; Rev. A. M. Osgood, Clinton; Rev. Elihu Grant, Revere; Mr. G. W. Penniman, Fall River; Mr. J. E. Lacombe, Somerville; Mr. J. Clark Glidden, Lowell; Mrs. A. M. Osgood, Clinton; Miss E. C. Northrup, Waltham; Miss F. M. Millner, Cambridge.

LEON L. DORR.

A Wholesome Tonic

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. S. L. WILLIAMS, Clarence, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in cases where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it the best I have ever used."

Not Scared with Facts

IT is not well to be over hopeful as to the condition of religion at the present day, but on the other hand it is not well to give easy credence to the report of an alarmist. It is said that during one of the battles of the Civil War an agitated officer came dashing up to Gen. Grant and reported that everything was lost. The silent commander quietly kept on whittling, and after the frightened fellow had ridden away he calmly said: "Send a man who isn't scared to get the facts."—*Advance.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS—No equal for Constipation.

—The *California Christian Advocate*, in a recent issue, announces that Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke, pastor of Central Church, San Francisco, has accepted, subject to the appointing power, an invitation to Delaware Avenue Church, Buffalo, N. Y. "It is with great regret that the Methodists of San Francisco will see him depart for the East. His work in this city has been of a high character. Dr. Locke will remain at Central Church until Conference."

Health for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists.

How can the sense that the living God is near to our life, that He is interested in it and willing to help it, survive in us, if our life is full of petty things? Absorption in trifles, attention only to the meaner aspects of life, is killing more faith than is killed by aggressive unbelief.—*George Adam Smith.*

The pathetic side to the great success of "David Harum" is that its author, Edward Noyes Westcott, did not live to see the appearance of his only book. Only a few weeks before his death he wrote to his publishers, D. Appleton & Co.: "If 'David Harum' were to be published even without much delay, it would, in all probability, be posthumous. I have had the fun of writing it anyway, and nobody will ever laugh over it more than I have. I never could tell what David was going to do next."

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

New England Chautauqua S. S. Assen.	
at Montwait (Lakeview) South Framing-	
ham, Mass.,	July 17-28
Christian Workers' Union Conf. at Old Or-	
chard, Me., L. B. Bates, Leader,	July 23-31
New Haven District Camp-meeting at	
Plainville,	July 24-29
Holliston Camp-meeting at Hedding,	July 24-28
New Haven District Assembly at Plain-	
ville,	July 31-Aug. 4
HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA ASSOCIATION:	
Summer School,	July 31-Aug. 19
Biblical Institute,	Aug. 7-12
Assembly,	Aug. 12-19
Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 7-14
West Dudley Camp-meeting,	Aug. 11-20
Weira Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-19
Morrisville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-21
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-21
Richmond Camp-meeting, Rev. I. T. John-	
son, Leader,	Aug. 18-28
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-28
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-26
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Claremont Junction Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-28
Sheldon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 1
Wilmot Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 2
YARMOUTH CAMP-GROUND:	
Concert Day,	Aug. 1
Temperance Day,	Aug. 2
Sunday-school Day,	Aug. 3
Missionary Day,	Aug. 6
Camp-meeting,	Aug. 7-14
STERLING CAMP-GROUND:	
Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 18, 19
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-25
Swedish Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26, 27

NORTHPORT CAMP-MEETING, EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—The semi-centennial session of the Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting Association will commence on Saturday, Aug. 19, and close Monday, Aug. 28. The leader has secured the services of Evangelist H. L. Gale, of Boston, with a talented soloist and chorus director. The mornings will be devoted to the deepening of the spiritual life; the afternoons to special hours in the following order as nearly as possible, one each day: Historic, Educational, Purity, Civic League, National, Epworth League, Sunday-school, Missionary. The evenings will be devoted to soul-winning, and will be conducted by Evangelist Gale. Conferences will be held at 8 a. m. upon experimental piety, and at 4 p. m. upon the vital doctrines of the church.

Brethren, here is scope enough for the use of our best material along these lines. Please notify the leader whether you want passes, and what sermons or addresses you have along the lines indicated which you are willing should be used. Do not fail to respond by mail now, and by your presence at the time of the meeting.

Bangor, Me.

JOSHUA M. FROST.

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MARRIAGES

BROOKS-STACY—At the M. E. parsonage, South Eliot, Me., July 2, by Rev. E. W. Kennison, Justin W. Brooks and Maude M. Stacy, both of Eliot.

CROWELL-NYE—June 28, by Rev. Daniel Richards, Frank C. Crowell and Ellen Richards Nye.

YOUNG-DOWER—In Athol, Mass., July 3, by Rev. L. P. Causey, Horace H. Young, of Bethel, Vt., and Maggie J. Dower, of Athol.

HURLBERT-HARRIMAN—In Sherman, Maine, July 1, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Geo. J. Palmer, Burpee E. Hurlbert and Almira M. Harriman, both of Sherman.

MOORE-SPINNEY—In West Mills, Maine, July 1, by Rev. Joseph Moulton, Harry E. Moore and Alice E. Spinney, both of Stark, Me.

HALL-NORTON—In Palermo, Maine, June 28, by Rev. C. W. Lowell, Frank G. Hall, of Windsor, Me., and May E. Norton, of Palermo.

HEWINS-LUCKMAN—In Dedham, July 2, by Rev. E. W. Virgin, Harry Hewins and Mrs. Lucy B. Luckman, both of Dedham.

WANTED.—Five hundred dollars to provide outfit and passage of a missionary to India. A young lady, thoroughly qualified, and approved by those who know her, has offered to go. She is urgently needed for important work, but is detained because the New England Branch has not the means to send her. The sum mentioned, or contributions toward it, may be sent to Mrs. Alberman, Hyde Park, Mass., or to any of the officers of the Branch.

ISABELLA THORNBURN.

W. F. M. S.—The headquarters of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. S. at Room 23, 38 Bromfield St., will be closed during the month of August. All orders must be sent previous to that date, as none will be filled during the month.

JULIA F. SMALL, Agent.

Saratoga Service

Fast train service to Saratoga will be inaugurated July 10 via the Fitchburg R. R. leaving Boston at 11 A. M., arriving at Saratoga at 5 P. M. There is every indication that, the season at this famous resort will be most successful.

WILL SUPPLY pulpits for brethren, for traveling expenses, any Sunday till end of my vacation, the first Sunday in September.

F. W. VIRGIN.

Dedham, July 17.

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OBITUARIES

There is hovering about me
A power so sweet, so sweet,
That I know, despite my sorrow,
We assuredly shall meet;
I know, and thus the darkness
In between us is defied,
That death is but a shadow,
With the sunshine either side.

The world is very weary,
But I never cease to know
That there is still a border-land
Where spirits come and go;
For you send me intimations
In the morning's gentle beams,
And at night you come to meet me
In the golden gate of dreams.

—Alice Cary.

Decker.—Mrs. Catherine Decker, one of the oldest members of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Boothbay Harbor, Me., passed very quietly to her home with God on Friday, June 23, 1899. She was born in Southport, Me., in 1815.

Her last illness was short and not very painful. Like the shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered to the heavenly garner. Her parents were Methodist people and very early in life she gave her heart to the Lord and identified herself with the people of God. She loved the services of the sanctuary and attended regularly as long as her health and strength would allow. During her later years she was afflicted with increasing deafness. This was to her a great grief, yet she submitted with an admirable Christian resignation. She believed that, "All things work together for good to them that love God." In this faith she was happy.

She has been the mother of nine children, five of whom survive her—Mrs. Clara J. Day, Mrs. Mary Day, Mrs. Georgia A. Barter, Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis and Mrs. Josephine Pinkham. Though a widow for twenty six years, she has found much delight in the homes of her daughters and grandchildren.

The funeral service was held at the Free Baptist Church, Barter Island, on Sunday, June 25. Her pastor was assisted in the service by Rev. B. S. Fifield, pastor of that church and an intimate friend of the family.

WILLIAM WOOD.

Davis.—Miss Jennie Davis was born in Robbinston, Me., April 30, 1875, and died at her home, June 14, 1899.

She was the only surviving child of Nelson and Delena Davis, Johnny, her only brother, having preceded her to heaven by some three years. Both, having fallen to sleep on their Saviour's breast, are reunited never to part.

Miss Davis graduated, with high honors, from a course of study in the American Correspondence College, South Danville, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1891. She then began teaching, which she followed until her health failed. She was also a successful music teacher. She was a young woman of sterling character and endowed with the divine gift of endearing herself to all. As her profession called her to go from place to place, she made many friends, some of whom have said to the writer, "To know her was to respect, admire, and love her."

In 1892, during the pastorate of Rev. Byron Russell, she sought and found her Saviour. She afterward joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at her home. From the time of her conversion, hers has been a life of marked faithfulness to her church, and to all those obligations which pertain to citizenship in the kingdom of God. For eight years, when at home, she was organist in the church.

During the month of February, 1897, she contracted a severe cold, from the results of which she never fully recovered, and although for so long a time deprived of health, yet she never complained nor repined; but her life seemed to grow richer, fuller, happier, and brighter as she drew near to the end.

She was a model woman in kindness of heart and faithfulness to presented duties, always looking at the bright side of everything. A day or two before she left us, she said to her mother: "Look on the bright side of life,

mother; the darkness will come soon enough!" Her words soon came true. Even then she was sinking as swiftly as the sun fades away behind the western hills, and in a few hours she was not, for God had taken her. But such never die. Our young sister lives in the kindly deeds she preformed during her brief day; she lives in those little tokens of needle or handwork which have gone to almost every home of her acquaintance; she lives in the hearts and lives of her bereft father and mother and other relatives, and she lives in the immortal life which God bestows upon the Christian.

The funeral services were held in the church, conducted by her pastor, in the presence of one of the largest gatherings which have congregated in this community on such occasions for many years.

Many sincere prayers are ascending to God in behalf of her father and mother, that this dispensation may be overruled for their good and that Divine consolation may be ministered unto them in their affliction.

A. D. M.

Thurston.—Parker H. Thurston was born in Portsmouth, R. I., in March, 1833, and died in Newport, R. I., June 13, 1899.

Mr. Thurston was a lineal descendant of Edward Thurston, who was the first of the name in the colony of Rhode Island and came here previous to 1647. The youngest in a large family, he was the last survivor. In early life he came to Newport to learn the carpenter's trade, a pursuit which he followed till a few years since, when failing health prevented further active service.

The last year of his life a great sorrow came upon him in the death of two daughters and a sister. His last work was a loving service around their graves. Suffering from disease and burdened with sorrow, he gradually declined, and as soon as he was confined to his room he rapidly sank, lingering but a few days and finding a peaceful end.

He was deeply interested in the work of his church—the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Newport—of which he had been a member more than thirty-four years; he was also a member of the board of stewards. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

J. H. ALLEN.

Ladd.—Mrs. Abigail K. Ladd, widow of Dr. Nathaniel G. Ladd, died at Malden, Mass., June 3, 1899. She was born Aug. 7, 1806, and was therefore nearly 93 years of age at the time of her death. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church probably in 1830, and so for nearly seventy years was one of its most honored and useful members. Of a large family, three daughters survive her—Mrs. Josephine Ladd and Mrs. H. M. Kendall of Malden, and Mrs. Mary F. Steele, of Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Ladd was in every way a remarkable woman. For years after her bodily strength did not permit her to leave her home, her mind was strong and perfectly clear. Shut in from the world, she yet kept an intelligent heed of its doings and was deeply interested in all its good movements. Unable to give herself directly to active work, she sent her means out to represent her in most liberal and effective ways. Kept away from public worship through many years, she still grew in the spirit of devotion and in faith. Though a large majority of the present members of Centre Church had never seen her face, her name was well known and was spoken with genuine affection by all. While it was ever a wonder at first thought that one who had been true to the Lord and His work for so many years should yet be called upon to endure great suffering, she was in herself—in the patience and general development of spirit that grew out of her suffering—an answer to the question that the world would ask.

No good cause failed to receive her aid. She had literally come to experience the truth of the Master's word: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." She not only gave; she loved to give. The local charities of the city of Malden fared generously at her hands. She was a helper of our hospital; one of the promoters of the Old People's Home; one of the first large givers to insure the Young Men's Christian Association its splendid building, one of her last good deeds being a large gift for the payment of its debt. She joined Centre Church, Oct. 4, 1864. All of the denominational benevolences were strengthened by her generosity, while every appeal for the

local church was met immediately and liberally. She carried God's work in her heart and had joy in all its advancement.

Personally Mrs. Ladd was a most interesting and valuable acquaintance. With fine social culture, she maintained a high spirituality; with a marked spirit of progress, she still had a beautiful clinging to the past, which, however, was never allowed to throw her out of sympathy with the present or to shake her faith that God was moving on to victory. To call on her was ever a real privilege; her pastor always came from her presence helped. The beauty of holiness had written itself on her face until it seemed good merely to see her. The church that helps to build such characters and then receives the return of their gracious influence may well be envied.

All that has been written gives only a glimpse at a beautiful character; the true record is on high. Having lived so long in the faith, Mrs. Ladd died in holy confidence. Her body lies beside that of her honored husband in the New Hampshire cemetery; her spirit is at home with the good of all the ages and with God.

EDWIN H. HUGHES.

Loud.—John C. Loud was born in Plymouth, Me., in 1844, and died in Hamilton, Mass., June 25, 1899.

He enlisted in Company H, 22d Maine Reg. Volunteers in 1862, did heroic work at the siege of Fort Hudson and in many battles, and was a typical brave American patriot. After the war he taught school at Etna, Me. About 1867 he moved to Boston, where with his brother Augustus he conducted a successful bakery business. In 1875 he moved to Chelsea, where in 1885 he established a retail bakery that soon grew to great proportions.

In the early '80s he served Chelsea acceptably as one of the common councilmen. Then for four years he was one of the board of aldermen. In 1891 and '92 he represented his district ably in the State legislature and in 1895 was elected mayor of Chelsea. In all these offices of trust he fairly won the highest esteem, confidence and respect of Chelsea citizens whatever their party affiliations.

He was married to Miss Josephine Ross, in 1872, and after her decease he married, in April, 1875, Mrs. Abby L. Lowe, who survives him.

He was roundly converted in 1875 and became an active worker in the Park St. M. E. Church, of which his wife was a member. He united with the Mt. Bellingham Church during the pastorate of Rev. S. L. Gracey, in 1882, and for seventeen years was one of its most generous, energetic and devout members. His religion was not a theory, but a divine life. It energized all his activities and was most beautifully exemplified in his business, political, home and church relations. As an official member of the Mt. Bellingham Church he had no superior, and for years he was its most popular and successful Sunday-school superintendent. In the resolutions adopted by the members of the quarterly conference his brethren declared that they recognized in his death the loss of one whose wise counsels, generous gifts and consistent Christian life were a tower of strength and an unfailing testimony to all persons in the com-

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I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of the above named diseases, and believe I have effected more genuine cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure, as used in my practice, FREE and post-paid to every reader of this paper who suffers from these annoying and dangerous diseases. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, Prof. J. H. Lawrence, 114 W. 32d St., New York.

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munity of the power and blessedness of a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In his last sickness Mr. Loud was permitted to enjoy the companionship of his two dearest friends — his Saviour and his ever faithful wife. Pointing across the room he said to his wife, whom he could not bear to have absent a moment, "Don't you see Him? He is a good man. He came a long way to see me. He loves me. I love Him." He was conscious of the presence of Christ. His brain was clear, his peace was unutterable, his victory complete. He passed to the better land triumphant. He had laid up his best treasures in heaven and has gone home to enjoy them. A deeply stricken wife, four sons and a step-daughter, a very large circle of relatives, very many friends and a bereaved church feel keenly their loss in his departure. His gain is eternal.

Wanted -- A Revival

M. H. BURNHAM.

THE revival to begin as long before and to extend as far beyond the year 1900 as may be. The Christmas bells of 1899 are to ring in a Catholic year of jubilee. So proclaims the Pope at Rome, whither all the devout are besought to assemble in the ensuing year. Why not a determined effort among Protestant pastors and laymen that shall create a jubilee in heaven as well as on earth over thousands of newly converted? Would that Christmas Eve of 1899 might see a multitude of human beings presenting themselves as "pure and acceptable" gifts to Him who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," the first of all Christmas gifts, two thousand years ago! Why not speak more frequently one with another? Let us expect the descent of the Holy Spirit in power among us, and definitely prepare to receive Him, each in his own way, perhaps, yet all earnestly working and praying for a heavenly baptism.

Darkness Reveals the Light

A LAMP when lighted may burn by day, but it is only at night that it is seen by the neighborhood. The darkness does not kindle or cause the light, but the darkness reveals it and spreads it around. It is thus that consistent joy in the Lord, when believers attain it in a time of trouble, becomes an effective testimony for Christ. Not a few owe their conversion instrumentally to the light that streamed from a saint in the hour of his departure — to the song that rose from the pilgrim when he was traversing the valley of the shadow of death. — W. Arnot, D. D.

Machinery a Power

IT is as if you saw a locomotive engine upon a railway, and it would not go, and they put up a driver and they said, "Now that driver will just do." They try another and another. One proposes that such and such a wheel shall be altered; but still it will not go. Some one then bursts in among those that are conversing, and says, "No, friends, but the reason why it will not go is because there is no steam; you have no fire; you have no water in the boiler; that's why it will not go. It will go well enough if you but get the steam up." But now people are saying, "This must be altered, and that must be altered." But the church's great want is the Holy Spirit; and until that want be supplied, we may reform and reform, and still be just the same. — C. H. Spurgeon.

Fear that Drives out Fear

ON one occasion, as Dr. Chalmers was riding on a coach in the Highlands, at a very dangerous part of the road where it overhung a precipice, the horses took fright and were near precipitating the coach and all its occupants into the ravine be-

neath. The driver vigorously applied the whip, and the horses, stung with pain and dreading further inflictions, forgot their fear. He observed that one fear expelled another, and coined the expression, "The expulsive power of a new affection." Fear expels fear. Sunlight extinguishes firelight. The love of a noble woman often redeems a man from the sway of baser passions. And the love of Christ, wrought in us by the spirit of love, will make us free from the love of self. — F. B. Meyer.

Young mothers should send to Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Infants," free of charge.

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I have a phantasy of achievement in the matter of Twentieth Century Thank Offering. First the dream, then a scheme for its realization. My dream is of a grand, general, glorious jubilee—the whole Methodism of America and the Christian world rejoicing over the crowning achievement of a most marvelous century with an offering of full twenty millions laid upon God's altar and two million souls given to Him in a covenant not to be broken. Both these stupendous and glorious results are easily and speedily possible.

THE SCHEME

There are yet more than four months before the annual Thanksgiving Day of 1899. Let this time be filled with earnest, courageous preparatory work; with mighty, believing prayer, and the ingathering of first-fruits. Pre-empt the pulpits, the presses and the prayer-meetings of Methodism for this grand undertaking. Have autumn rallies, round-tables, and revival meetings all looking to this speedy result. As Nov. 30 draws, the old New England Thanksgiving Day—now happily observed all over the land—let every Methodist family at their breakfast table, upon an emblematic card specially designed, put down their individual but conjoined pledges for this phenomenal enterprise. Then, in the quietude of the hour for household prayer, seek to have every member of these families positively pledged to Christ. Let the whole day be such a day for Christian work as Methodism has never seen. Let pastors, Sunday-school teachers and League workers, all who are filled with a will to work, put in one whole, busy, rushing day's service, with bicycles, steam and electric motors, and relays of horses made tributary to their locomotion. Visit everybody! Get their pledges, if not already made; take account of all. Get all who can be secured to pledge at once for Christ and His service. Let the evening be everywhere observed as a grand, general consecration service. Enlist all other Christian people, promising to help them in return when they have a like day's work on hand. And as sure as God has said, "I will open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it," that day may be the greatest day since Pentecost, and the next morning see our superb undertaking practically assured.

The eyes of the universe are upon us; let every heart be hopeful and loyal; every hand strong and open. God give us courage for the fray!

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Freedmen's Aid Society

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society was held in Cincinnati, July 11. In the absence of Bishop Walden, the venerable honorary secretary, Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust, presided. There was a large representation of the members present. Interesting reports were read by the corresponding secretaries, Revs. J. W. Hamilton and M. C. B. Masor.

Dr. Hamilton gave a summary of the year's work as well as a detailed statement of the work for the last quarter. He stated that an increasing interest was manifested over the church in the schools of the South, and that the year's receipts would amount very probably to nearly \$50,000 more than the previous year. This included special funds for endowment and buildings, as well as legacies and various other special gifts. The Conference collections were reported to be

nearly \$5,000 in excess of the previous year. Large sums of money were being proffered as loans on the annuity plan for the payment of the debt. Some persons were responding from different States over the church in various sums towards the payment of the debt. He said if the present helpfulness continued, and no one withheld his or her gift because some were helping, the burden of the Society would soon be lifted, but it will require the united giving of the entire church, for the indebtedness of the Society was greater than that which required the secretaries of the Missionary Society three years with all the machinery of the church to help them to pay.

The treasurer reported the total receipts of the Society for special funds to be about \$62,000. There has been an old floating indebtedness of nearly \$5,000 paid during the year. New building enterprises were under way at Meridian, Miss.; Orangeburg, S. C.; Morristown, Tenn., and New Orleans, La. Annuities had lapsed during the year to the amount of nearly \$40,000, one being that of Mrs. Dr. Ladd, of Malden, Mass., for \$35,000.

The secretary was instructed to issue a call for \$10,000 worth of bonds which were to be canceled in payment of the debt. It was also reported that the indebtedness of \$25,000 owed to the Book Concern had been paid, and only a small part of this amount had been borrowed from special funds, the greater part of it being provided for from the sinking fund. The notorious instances of lawlessness have only seemed to inspire the friends of the Society to give more liberally for education, as the reports from the various schools show that no one of the nearly 200,000 students who have been in the schools has been lynched.

At a very late hour on Tuesday, the election of officers was postponed until the next meeting of the Board in November, the present officers holding over until this election takes place.

In a sermon on "American Imperialism," published in the *Brooklyn Daily Enterprise*, Rev. Dr. M. S. Kauffman is reported to have said: "American imperialism is the splendid spectacle of earth's mightiest and most favored nation taking up the white man's burden of responsibility, and bravely bending beneath its mountain weight, not shirking, not whining, not flinching, though misguided friends abuse and savage foes resist."

Rev. T. G. Thompson, of the Troy Conference, stationed at Johnstown, N. Y., who graduated from Williams College in 1879 and later from Drew Seminary, has just completed a non-resident post-graduate course in philosophy and Christian evidences at the University of Omaha, and has received therefor the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, his final thesis being, "Was Jesus the Natural Product of His Age?"

Rev. Thomas Champness, head of the "Joyful News" Missions, who made so delightful an impression when he was here in America last year, has just arrived home in safety from his tour around the world. Our English exchanges report him as much benefited by the tour, being completely restored to health. An interview in the *Methodist Recorder* gives at some length his impressions concerning Chinese missions and Australian Methodism, and concludes with the following brief paragraph as to his views

concerning the United States: "He thinks the American workingman superior to the British artisan. He works harder for a higher wage, and does not habitually muddle his brain with beer, or leave his work for a drink. Mr. Champness preached before Mr. McKinley, whose personality impressed him. After divine service, the usage is for the President to rise and walk out alone, the congregation not moving till he has gone. This is to prevent a crowd collecting round the President, in which some assassin might be concealed. With the example of Lincoln, Garfield, and Carnot before us, it will not do to say that such precautions are superfluous."

Rev. Thomas Harrison called at this office on Monday. He has recently been holding evangelistic services in the West with encouraging results. In one instance 250 joined the church on profession of faith. He will be in attendance at the Des Plaines camp-meeting, having charge of the evening services.

We fear that there would be a "hot time" in many American towns if all slanderers were punished as they are said to be punished in a certain district of West Central Africa. "The person who is found guilty of slandering another is punished in the following manner: He is made to march through the town, with a bell tied to his neck, calling out that what he said was a lie. He is afterward compelled to go into all the compounds and tell what he has done at every door."—*Advance*.

Suffering is as God's letter. Open it and read it. Many of you will find that you are titled, or that there is an inheritance laid up for you. O my soul! sit thou down as a disciple of Christ and say, O Lord, what wilt thou? What shall it do to me? What secret is now to be disclosed? What better way is to be walked? What new strength is to be developed? What higher hope is to be awakened? What disinterested love is to be called into action? What has this suffering brought to me?—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The Americans have already signaled their occupation of Manila by the opening of public schools, and as soon as the war is ended the system will be extended throughout the islands. Heretofore only the children of the very rich have enjoyed the privileges of education, the masses of the people remaining in dense ignorance. This is only one instance of the beneficent results which will follow American rule.—*Examiner*.

A New Building

The increasing business of Gilchrist & Co. necessitates a new building for their use. Plans are being perfected for a six story building, first class in every particular, to be built at Nos. 417-425 Washington St. Special attention is given to ventilation, lighting, heating. The building will be thoroughly fire proof and will be equipped with latest improvements and conveniences. The firm hope to occupy their new quarters by the first of the year.

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